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HORÆ POETICÆ.



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HORÆ POETICÆ:

Lyrical and other Poems

BY

MRS. GEORGE LENOX-CONYNGHAM.

L O N D O N :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, AND ROBERTS.

1859.

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C84h

TO

THE VISCOUNTESS DONERAILE,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY

HER AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

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THE TOMB OF ARCHIMEDES.

Ita nobilissima Græciæ Civitas, quondam vero etiam doctissima, sui Civis unius acutissimi monimentum ignorâset, nisi ab homine Arpinate didicisset.—CICERO, *Tusc. Quæst.*, lib. 5, cap. 23.

A THREE years' siege an ancient city stood ;
Her men were valiant, and her walls were good ;
Yet neither soldiers brave, nor bulwarks strong
Could have resisted Roman force so long,
But for the genius of a single man,
Whose intellect's gigantic grasp could span
The circle of all science ; and at will
Its secrets use his purpose to fulfil.

He kept the baffled enemy at bay;
Deferring still his country's fatal day.
That man was Archimedes;—honoured name,
First in the roll of scientific fame!
And Syracuse that city. When at length
Subdued by mighty Rome's o'erwhelming strength,
Her haughty head indignantly she bowed
To the dominion of a foe as proud,
The generous conqueror, merciful as brave,
Wept for the victims whom he could not save.
In victory's flush, it was his earliest thought
That Archimedes should, unscathed, be brought
Into his presence;—this his first command.
They found him tracing figures on the sand,
In musing lost : he heeded not the strife—
Or loved his problem better than his life :
A savage soldier cut the thread of both—
Impatient of delay, perhaps, and loth

To tarry longer from the scene of spoil,
Rich with the harvest of victorious toil.
All he could do, Marcellus did, to show
How Romans revered an illustrious foe.
He gave him funeral honours ; paid each rite
Of holy ceremonial due, which might
Appease the Dead he vainly sought to spare :
He raised his monument ; and sculptured there
The symbols by the Sage himself designed,
To note the immortal labours of his mind.

A century and a half had not yet passed ;—
The doom of Syracuse was still o'ercast :
Her bondage weighed not heavily ;—but she,
Who had been glorious, was no longer free :
And slavery's creeping canker had effaced
The characters which Gratitude had traced

With zealous finger, in a happier age,
Upon her memory's long unopened page.
Of cold forgetfulness the mouldering prey,
Her patriot Sage's sacred ashes lay,
Till Cicero sought the sepulchre unknown,
Where slept a spirit kindred to his own ;
And consanguinity of genius gave
The clue to guide his footsteps to that grave.
He had inquired of many ; but in vain :
None knew the place: so, with a wondering train
Of Magnates, he passed through the gate that led
To the sepulchral dwellings of the Dead
Which lined the Street of Tombs. He saw appear,
Through choking weeds, the Cylinder and Sphere ;
Tokens whereby to recognize the spot
Which Rome remembered—Syracuse forgot.
Upon the apex of a shaft of stone,
With tangled weeds and brambles overgrown,

Those sculptured emblems caught the wandering glance
Of Tully's searching eye. See him advance
With rapid step and eager gesture ! Hear
His quick demand for implements to clear,
In haste, the long neglected precincts round,
And give him space to tread the hallowed ground.
Fancy him stooping at the column's base,
The half-obliterated lines to trace,
Which, worn, corroded, gave him still to know
That Archimedes was interred below.

Thus, in that fallen city where had reigned
Science and Learning, not a thought remained
Of him, her Benefactor, whose renown
Had been the brightest jewel in her crown
Of pride and glory. Nay ! she knew not where
He lay, untended by his country's care,
Until a stranger from the conqueror's land,
With pious heart and reverential hand,
Dispelled oblivion's sacrilegious gloom,
And gave to light and memory his Tomb.

THE LADY OF MY LOVE.

A creature not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

WORDSWORTH.

THE lady of my love is fair,
And joyous as the things of air,
Which neither think nor toil;—
I hope old Time will never dare
To touch her heart with grief or care,
Its sinless mirth to spoil.

She dances like the graceful Queen
Of Fairies, revelling on the green,
Beneath the moon's soft light,
To elfin tunes ; for there have been,
Nay, doubt not ! mortals who have seen,
Or dreamed they saw, that sight.

Her laugh is music ; she can sing
As sweetly as the birds in spring,
 Whose little hearts rejoice ;
Or like that maid who used to bring
An angel down, on eager wing,
 To hear her human voice.

Her smile is glad, her glance is clear,
Her soul untroubled by the fear
 Or consciousness of wrong :
Full well she knows that she is dear
To young and old ;—that, far and near,
 We all have loved her long.

She is as innocent and good
As any child that ever stood
 Beside his mother's knee ;
Or frolicked through the flowery wood
With every creature that he could,
 Bird, butterfly, or bee.

I know not whether she is wise ;

I never asked her to advise

What I should say or do ;

I only know that when she tries

To read my wishes in my eyes,

The reading 's always true.

DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

WE watched her slowly fade away,
All beauty to the last ;
And felt, but could not bear to say,
That every hope was past.

We saw the hollow cheek grow bright
With fever's fatal bloom ;
We marked the eye's more brilliant light,
And read our darling's doom.

We knew it was God's holy will,
What He had given to take,
To dwell with Him in Heaven ; but, still,
Our hearts were like to break.

Without a sigh she loosed her hold
Of this world and its ties ;
As flowers at eve their petals fold,
She closed her weary eyes.

Earth ne'er gave forth so fair a flower
As this we give her here ;
Alas ! that love should have no power
To save what was so dear !

Now every pious rite is paid ;
As on a mother's breast,
Our loved and lovely one is laid,
To take her dreamless rest.

Her body lies beneath the sod,
To mingle dust with dust ;
Her spirit upwards soars to God,
Whose mercy was her trust.

HOPE ON ! HOPE ALWAYS !

Ελπεσθαι χρὴ πάντ', ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲν ἀελπτον ·
Ράδια πάντα Θεῷ τελέσαι, καὶ ἀνήνυτον οὐδέν.

LINUS.

HOPE on, hope always ! Amid night's deep gloom,
Hope for the sunshine of the coming day ;
In winter, hope for summer's blush and bloom ;
In sorrow's night and winter, hope and pray !

Is thy soul filled with aspirations high ?
Hope for success, and reckon on renown !
There is no race which mortals may not try ;
No toil, for which Hope does not hold a crown.

There is no prize above the reach of Hope ;
The earnest Spirit cannot strive in vain ;
He who has courage with his fate to cope,
Fails not at length the victory to gain.

If on a stormy sea thy ship be tossed,

Where death seems sweeping on with every wave,
Hope still, hope steadfastly ! all is not lost,

While man can trust that God has power to save.

If in the wilderness thy lot be cast,

Hope that a fountain in the waste may spring !
Hope that the rose may blossom there, at last,
And the green-plumaged bird of promise sing !

Hope is the Spirit's guardian from its birth ;

The guide to cheer it on through doubt and woe :
Certain possession is not known on earth ;
Hope is our minister of good below.

To God all things are easy, and He leaves

No work unfinished—though beyond our scope
It be to comprehend what He conceives :
'Tis His to order : it is ours to hope.

LIFE'S REALITIES.

Οταν ἀτυχεῖν σοι συμπέσῃ τι, δέσποτα,
Εὐριπίδου μνήσθητι, καὶ ῥάων ἔσῃ ·
“ Οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις πάντ’ ἀνὴρ εὐδαιμονεῖ.”
Εἶναι δ’ ὑπόλαβε καὶ σὲ τῶν πολλῶν ἓνα.

PHILIPPIDES.

THOU mourner o'er fictitious woe,
Or trivial, transient, selfish pain !
Dry up thy foolish tears, and go
Where actual grief and suffering reign :
Forget thyself ; go forth and learn
How men, thy fellows, wage the strife
With destiny : go see the stern
Realities of human life.

Go listen to the infant's cry,
 Upon a starving mother's breast ;
And note the dying father's eye,
 Which will not weep, and cannot rest.
See the gaunt children gathering round,
 To crave their crumbs of daily bread ;
And when no single crumb is found
 Retreating, silent and unfed.

Hunger has hushed each childish voice ;
 Faintness has quelled each baby will ;
They never heard the word "Rejoice !"
 They only suffer and are still.
How full they look of age and care
 And penury-developed thought !
Unmurmuringly to want and bear,
 The life-long lesson they are taught.

Go hear the lonely widow's wail,
 Moaned out in agony and shame ;
Her cheek turns more than deadly pale
 With anguish at a daughter's name.
Behold her writhe in quivering fear
 Lest justice claim an erring son :
Her crushed heart sinks to feel how dear
 Are still the guilty and undone.

Mark the consumptive outcast sob
 With pangs that medicine cannot cure,
While every breath excites a throb
 Worn nature scarcely can endure.
Watch her glazed, anxious eyes which strain
 For comfort they shall never see :
Close them, poor wretch ! 'tis all in vain ;
 No earthly comfort comes to thee.

These are but atoms in a mass
Of miseries never counted o'er ;
Glimpses of scenes that hourly pass —
Perhaps around thy very door.
Grief is man's lot : hast thou a right
To shrink from thine appointed share ?
Thank God thy burthen is so light,
And help thy brother his to bear.

THE SAFEGUARD OF A STATE.

Οὐ λιθοι, οὐδὲ ξύλα, οὐδὲ
Τέχνη τεκτονων, αἱ πόλεις εἰσιν,
Ἀλλ' ὅπου ποτ' ἄν ωσιν ἌΝΔΡΕΣ
Αὐτοὺς σωζέειν εἰδοτες
'ΕΝΤΑΥΘΑ τεῖχῃ καὶ πόλεις.

“ Not stones, and wood, and all the arts that show
The builder's skill, the strength of Cities make :
But wheresoever there are MEN who know
How to defend themselves against all wrong,
And peril life for home and country's sake,—
THERE stands a City in her bulwarks strong.”

Thus spake the poet of a State whose fame
Lives on, immortal, linked with Freedom's name.
Ages have rolled away ; but still, as then,
The strength of States is in the hearts of Men.

For good, for ill, the world hath known much change ;
And modern manners find old customs strange.
But still, from sire to son, from age to youth,
Is handed down, immutable, one truth :
“ All minor means are in the hands of Fate :
MEN are the noblest safeguard of a State.”

Of late that truth, of vital import, fell
From lips imbued with eloquence to tell
The great conceptions of a master mind,
Whose home-born sympathies embrace mankind ;
Whose cherished scheme of glory is to see
The world itself, through England's influence, free.
The patriot's probity ;—the statesman's skill
To mould inferior spirits to his will ;
Integrity of purpose to defy
The open slander and the covert lie ;—

Disdain of paltry means to mighty ends ;
Justice to foes and constancy to friends ;
The power to use, the pride to scorn, all art ;
Athenian genius with a British heart :
These are the inspirations of the tongue
Upon whose words a listening Senate hung,
And caught that thrilling sentiment which found
An answering chord in every bosom 'round.
“ Doubt not the people ! Only let them know
“ Their Country's need of their exertions : show
“ That they hold balanced in their hardy hands
“ Their children's freedom and their native land's ;
“ Chill not their sympathy by cold neglect
“ Of what they cherish ; prove that you respect
“ Of their own dignity the sturdy sense :
“ Then trust the people with their own defence.
“ Teach them the value of that trust to feel ;
“ And stake success upon the people's zeal.

“ Walls cannot make a threatened State secure :

“ The people’s courage is a bulwark sure.

“ Proudly the Nation lifts her standard, when

“ Invasion comes,—whose strength is in her Men.* ”

In every land, in every clime, we find

The patriot’s visions fill the people’s mind ;

The patriot’s tongue the people’s hopes inspire ;

The patriot’s zeal the people’s ardour fire ;

The patriot’s thoughts the people’s fancy charm ;

The patriot’s courage nerve the people’s arm :

At Nature’s altar placed by God’s own hand,

The love of Country still maintains its stand.

• Shall all the nations scattered o’er the Earth

Defend the spot of ground that saw their birth ;—

For the dear ties that make that spot so sweet,

A ten-fold foe, unscared, unshrinking, meet ;

* See Lord Palmerston’s Speech in the Debate on the Local Militia Bill. February 20, 1852.

And let the invader's thirsty weapon drain
The last life-drop from every patriot vein,
Rather than own a foreign yoke, or yield
To foreign force a single native field ?—
Shall every country feel this instinct, save
Britain, the mother of the free and brave ?
Shall she, the universal champion known
Of general liberty, neglect her own ?
And should whatever foe—suppose from France—
Upon her shores unfortified advance,
Shall she sit still and plead as her excuse,
“ My sword is rusted by long want of use ” ?

And they whose names are as a rallying word
Wherever Freedom's cry of war is heard ;
Whose memories, like the prophet's mantle, cast
O'er coming times the spirit of the past ;—

Are they to see, from those blessed seats above,
Where patriots dwell, the country of their love
Peopled, alas ! by a degenerate race,
Who shrink from death but do not dread disgrace ?
Banished for ever be the doubt profane !
What Britons have been, Britons will remain !
Stout hearts, strong arms, devoted to the cause
Of England's liberties and England's laws ;
Zeal tempered by obedience ; valour ruled
By discipline and order ; patience schooled
To bear all hardships and endure all pain,
Except the galling of a foreign chain ;
Courage to dare what wisdom shall have planned ;—
These are the bulwarks Britain can command.

February 23, 1852.

BURIED LOVE.

I KNEW her well when we were young ;

And well I loved her too :

And she loved me, if woman's tongue

E'er uttered what was true.

I do not call her false to me,

For she is only changed ;

Nor am I what I used to be ;

And so—we are estranged.

Oh, for those joyous days again !

Those loving days of old !

Existence was a treasure then ;

A mine of more than gold :

Time's only business was to fling,

Along our path, fresh flowers ;

And every day seemed but to bring

Fairer and rosier hours.

Right merrily we held together,

With sunshine on each heart,

Until there came some wintry weather ;

And then, we fell apart.

But do not seek—'twere all in vain—

To rivet, as of yore,

Those broken links ; affection's chain,

Once snapped, unites no more !

There is a Love, I know, whose light
Burns with unchanging flame,—
Or changing but to grow more bright,
'Mid grief and care and shame ;
Unquenched by this world's chill and damp,
Unwavering through the gloom,
On, on, for ever ;—like the lamp
Which shines within a tomb.

I know such Love exists :—but ours
Was of a different mould :
His wreaths were of exotic flowers,
And could not bear the cold.
His torch glowed very bright and warm
While all was clear around ;
And only fell when raged the storm,
Extinguished, to the ground.

The blossoms shaken from the tree
Which gloried in their bloom,
Will flourish there again, ere we
Our early faith resume.
Bid meteors, shooting down the sky,
Return and shine above !
But from his grave, oh ! never try
To wake up buried Love.

QUESTIONS.

O'ER busy brain, which took no rest
From many a self-inflicted task ;
Of answers in perpetual quest,
To queries no one cared to ask ;
Thy subtleties are with the past :
Are all thy problems solved at last ?

Fond heart, which yearned for human love,
And, still, enough could never find ;
Is not thy measure full above,
Amongst thine own angelic kind ?
Do they who love in that high sphere,
Remember those who loved them here ?

Enthusiast, whose ardent soul
Chafed to shake off Earth's dross and dust,
Hast thou not reached the Spirit's goal
Of liberty and truth and trust ?
Can'st thou look down and long to free
All who abhor their chains like thee ?

Pilgrim among the thorns of life,
Thy journey's o'er ; thy work is done ;
Thou did'st not flag in race or strife :
Is not thy crown of glory won ?
And we, who follow in thy track,
Oh ! can we wish to call thee back ?

HOPE.

Ἀνθρώπος ἀτυχῶν σώζεται ταῖς ἐλπίσι.

THE wary yield not to the bliss
Of Hope's delusive sway ;
Yet, what a dreary world were this,
If Hope were cast away !

In every season, every age,
She soothes the mourner's pain :
She smiles away the tyrant's rage ;
She breaks the captive's chain.

She hath a charm to dry all tears ;

A balm all wounds to heal ;

A spell to lull the wildest fears

A troubled soul can feel.

The Exile forced, unloved, unblessed,

Through foreign lands to roam,

Sleeps in some bower which Hope hath dressed,

And dreams himself at home.

The Mother sighs to think her child

Must share an orphan's fate ;

Looks onward then, by Hope beguiled,

And sees him good and great.

The fair young victim marked by Death,

Through night's long sleepless hours,

Listens to Hope's melodious breath,

Whispering of sun and flowers.

The fond and faithful, torn apart,
As is the lot of men,
Despair ; till, touched by Hope, each heart
Feels they *must* meet again.

And when we mourn the untimely doom
Of buried Joy and Love,
Angelic Hope stands by their tomb,
And points to worlds above.

IL DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

Ἀνάπανσίς ἐστι τῶν κακῶν ἀπραξία.

THEY say that to work we were sent upon earth,
With spirit untiring and bold ;
And, that this is the Heaven-imposed law of our birth,
By sages and saints we are told.
I fain would discredit the doctrine of both ;
For (I blush while the truth I declare)
There is nothing to me so alluring as sloth ;—
No form of enjoyment so fair.

'Tis my luxury, hour after hour, to sit
Doing nothing, beneath the green trees,
And look at the insects that carelessly flit,
Carried lightly along by the breeze ;
Or watch the gay dance of the flickering motes,
Where the sun through the shade darts a beam ;
Or gaze on the leaf, as it lazily floats
On the scarce-rippled breast of the stream.

I never could see the advantage of toil ;
My wealth is from care to be free ;
To others I leave all the greed and the spoil ;
Inaction is treasure to me.
I envy the lot of the moss-cradled rose :
How calmly she passes her days ;
Till, at eve, rocked by Zephyr to deeper repose,
While the nightingale sings in her praise !

You say there's a duty confided to each ;

A talent he must not abuse :

That may be ; but your duties are out of my reach :

My talent is—only to muse.

You bid me observe that all creatures fulfil

The doom Mother Nature decrees :—

No doubt ! But I'm sure she meant me to sit still ;

Or just glide on through life at my ease.

THE EARLY DEAD.

WE buried her while morning's light
Was stealing o'er the sky ;
Ere yet the tears of dewy Night
On Nature's face were dry.

We buried her while still the sun
Was on the horizon's verge ;
The lark, before our task was done,
Began to sing her dirge.

We laid our sleeping flower among
The just awakening flowers ;
Like them she was so sweet and young ;—
That blighted bud of ours !

She died at dawn ; we laid her where
The sun's first smiles will rest ;
He will not look on aught more fair,
Before he gains the West.

We did not leave a trace of gloom
About her grassy bed ;
All should be bright around a tomb
Which holds the early dead.

Her being had but dawned on earth,
Before she passed away :
Death is the Spirit's better birth ;
The dawn of perfect day.

PLEASURE'S TOUR.

PLEASURE had once a mind to travel :

She always has been given to roam :

Let the wise look shocked and cavil ;—

She is not a great stay-at-home.

She had not fixed her plans at present :

What most she wished she did not know :

The world around looked gay and pleasant ;

So round the world she thought she'd go.

She started early ; taking only
Some trifling gauds of mingled hues ;
She is not fond of being lonely :
But for this once she meant to muse.
I grieve to say that, soon, however,
She found her own society
Tedious ; and vowed she must endeavour
To seek out some variety.

Just then she reached a bower of roses,
Whose blushes brightened every minute ;—
The earliest that the Spring uncloses ;
A lovely child was nestling in it.
“ Here,” she cried, “ oh ! here ’s a treasure !
“ Come out, fair creature ! come and play.”
The infant heard the voice of Pleasure,
And bounded forth, as glad as day.

Oh ! the tracing and the chasing
Of birds and butterflies and bees !
And the merry dance-like racing
With the blossom on the breeze !
Oh ! the frolic spirits, flinging
New delights o'er hill and dell !
And the joyous laughter, ringing
Lightly as a fairy's bell !

But see ! pale Evening's shades are falling
Softly on the weary world ;
Gentle thoughts of rest recalling,
Ere Night's wings be quite unfurled.
Each day-flower hangs its heavy head ;
The dewy night-flowers wake to weep ;
And, sinking on a mossy bed,
That happy child falls fast asleep.

Pleasure sang sweet songs to wake him ;—

But he did not hear even her :

Loth still was she to forsake him ;

She almost thought she would not stir :

But, at length, she left him sleeping :

Who, alas ! of woman born,

E'er closed his eyes in Pleasure's keeping,

To open them on her next morn ?

And now heaven's glories, without number,

Thronging thickly, poured their light :

Pleasure is not prone to slumber ;

And she loves a starry night.

So, on she sped :—but, did I mention

One half that on her walk occurred,

You'd swear it was my own invention ;

Or say, at least, 'twas “too absurd.”

She saw a sage intently gazing
At all the wonders of the sky :
She heard a youthful poet praising
The "Ladye-Moon," and passed both by.
She left a maiden and her lover
Disputing, as she just could hear,
Too much in earnest to discover
That Pleasure had been very near.

As she approached a stately dwelling,
She heard the sounds of revelry,
Upon the tranquil night-air swelling,
And felt her heart bound high with glee.
There was music ; there was dancing ;
There was mirth's harmonious din ;
Bright gems and brighter eyes were glancing
More brightly still, as she came in.

More flower-like bloomed each young cheek's blushing,

When *her* springing step drew near ;

Softer eloquence seemed gushing

From many a tongue on many an ear.

But some chaperonish yawning, .

Long before the night was spent,

Made her fancy day was dawning ;

And, in haste, away she went.

Hist ! on her ear a gentle greeting,

Like remembered music, fell :

Ah ! it was a happy meeting :

That dear voice ! she knew it well.

Yes ! 'twas Love, her own twin-brother !

From the bright world of their birth,

They had come with one another,

Bringing down a heaven to earth.

While they could they clung together,
Sharing many a happy heart ;
But this world's inconstant weather
Drove the twins at length apart.
From time to time they meet, with gladness ;—
Early sympathies are strong :—
But Love is grown so used to Sadness,
He cannot live without her long.

They bade good bye ! On flitted Pleasure :
I cannot say *she* felt regret ;
'Tis not her line ; nor has she leisure,
If even she knew the way, to fret.
Her cheek with morning's light was glowing,
With smiles her rosy lip was wreathed ;
She flitted on, bright glances throwing
Upon all things that grew or breathed.

She caught a glimpse of Hope, divining
With her deep, clear, prophetic eyes,
Some light to come ;—some glory shining,
Like a bright rainbow, in the skies.
That symbol of a fair to-morrow,—
That mystic sign with promise fraught,—
That type of gladness after sorrow,—
Say was it not for Hope first wrought ?

Pleasure perceived her very plainly,
Although before her floating far ;
She tried to overtake her, vainly,
As children do a flying star.
Oh ! how should she, earth-skimming Pleasure,
Whose limits are *this* world's, keep pace
With her who can, at will, out-measure
The boundaries of time and space ?

She called her ; but Hope never turneth
At any call, however sweet ;
Her eager glance still onward burneth,
The Spirit of her love to greet.
He comes ! The bright Dream-spirit, banished
From life's realities ! The air
Buoyed up her radiant wings ! She vanished,
And left poor Pleasure *plantée* there.

THE LIFE-WEARY.

OH ! ye beloved ! do not grieve for me ;
I go where I have prayed and pined to be :
I go to join the holy, happy throng,
Whose visioned joys have been my dream so long.

I have been laden heavily ; my breast,
As hunted deer's for water, pants for rest :
Fain would I cast my burthen off and soar
Where grief and care shall weigh me down no more.

Ye know how I have suffered here on earth ;
Ye know how utter is my young life's dearth
Of all which makes life's value :—how the course
Of my heart's hope was ice-bound at its source.

Ye know how my affections clustered all
Round one alone ; and how the idol's fall
Crushed the love-nurtured faith, the clinging trust
Entwined about it, to the very dust.

Ye know it well. Then, do not seek to stay
My Spirit, winged to take its heavenward way,
And hovering on the brink of the abyss
Which lies between that better world and this.

Think of me, dear ones ! as a ransomed slave,
Whose road to liberty lies through the grave ;
An exile, through a desert doomed to roam,
And summoned now to an eternal home.

LOVE MISLAID.

WE parted to meet again soon ;

 We have met, and I wish we had not ;
Amongst things garnered up in the moon
 Is the love which embellished our lot.

I do not know how 'twas mislaid ;

 But I'm sure we shall find it no more :
If we did, it could never be made
 What we cherished so fondly of yore.

They tell us, wherever we go,

That true love to one object is bound ;

I wish they would tell,—if they know,—

Where the love which they speak of is found.

They say, from the love which is new,

That we always come back to the old :

This may be ; but, I fear, if we do,—

That 'tis only to find it grown cold.

THE CYPRESS TREE.

Elena Corner Piscopia, a young Venetian lady, distinguished alike for her talents, her learning, and her virtues, a short time before her death, 1684, dissuaded her father from cutting down a Cypress near their house, by assuring him that the life of the tree would, ere long, fail contemporaneously with her own. She begged that the first use made of its wood might be to form her coffin. Her prediction and her wish were both fulfilled.

OH ! cut not down the Cypress tree !

I love its stately gloom ;

Its mournful aspect speaks to me

Of my approaching doom :

I find a type of things above

In its unchanging hue ;

A symbol of eternal love,

Immutable and true.

It will not cumber long the ground ;

Its destiny draws nigh ;

Its fragile life with mine is bound ;

Together we shall die.

No human care or kindness could

Either avail to save ;

Make me a coffin of its wood,

And let it share my grave.

Gently she drooped to early death ;

The tree drooped at her side ;

And when she drew her latest breath,

The faithful cypress died.

A coffin from the wood was made,

And in its fragrant breast

The loved of many hearts was laid,

To take her last, long rest.

AN IMPRECATION.

LIVES there a slave
Whose bondage doth not gall him ?
Scorned by the brave,
His country's curse befall him !

Honour shall veil
Her face at his appearing ;
Freedom's voice fail,
When he comes within hearing.

Hope's opening bud
Beneath his glance shall wither ;
Glory's proud flood
Recede if he draw thither.

True men shall spurn
The caitiff, humbly suing ;
True women turn,
Indignant, from his wooing.

Lone be his lot,
His love for ever slighted ;
His kindness forgot ;
His friendship unrequited.

The grass, round his tomb,
Heaven's dew shall never nourish ;
No flower there shall bloom,
No sheltering tree shall flourish.

AN ADIEU !

Quédate á Dios, agua clara,
Quédate á Dios, agua fria,
Y quédad con Dios, mis flores,
Mi gloria, que ser solia.

Romance de Don Duardos y Flerida.—ANONYMOUS.

ADIEU, ye rivers of my native land !
Adieu, ye flowers by southern breezes fanned !
Adieu ! I go to a far distant shore,
And I shall see this lovely land no more.

Gardens, the glory of my childish heart,
Adieu, adieu, for ever ! I depart,
To languish in that chilly northern isle
Where Nature's face so seldom wears a smile.

Yet, I shall oft come hither in my dreams,
And wander gladly by the clear cool streams
Of mine own sunny country, gathering flowers,
As I was wont to do in happier hours.

Henceforth, my waking doom will be to weep :
But faithful Memory, watching while I sleep,
With joys and loves long-lost will people night,
And steep my soul in visions of delight.

DIPLOMACY'S CHOICE.

While timorous Knowledge stands considering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deed.

DANIEL.

DIPLOMACY, not long ago,
(I mean our own, of course, you know)
Was called on to decide the fates
Of two young rival candidates,
Aspiring, in her service bland,
To serve, or save, their native land.
’Twas a great bore ;—for now her choice,
Obedient to the people’s voice,

Which a jobation lately gave her,
Must go by merit, not by favour ;
Examination, too, must test
Who met the State's requirements best.
She had not always had this trouble,
Which was, she vowed, an empty bubble :
She only wished that it would burst,
And leave things as they were at first.
What was the use of taking pains
To find out an *Attaché's* brains ?
How could it signify a pin,
What corner they were hidden in ?
They would be sure to come to light,
If ever wanted, sound and bright.
For trifles to make such a fuss,
Was, she declared, preposterous.
She held out gallantly, in fact,
Although with virulence attacked

From various quarters, for neglect
Of shoals—where England might be wrecked ;
Till seven-league-booted Intellect
Downrightly swore that he would make,
Unless she followed in his wake,
A dire example of the dame,
And hold her up to public shame.
So, what on earth was to be done,
Excepting with the age to run ?
In short, though loth, she has consented,
(I'm sure she often has repented)
To make it indispensable
For all who in her shadow dwell,
Henceforth, for ever, to profess
And even, if possible, possess
A little specious information ;
Enough to satisfy the nation
That there's some cry, if little wool ;
And to convince that sage, John Bull,

Who knows not much himself, 'tis true,
That those who represent him do.
She thought it might facilitate
Her measures, if each candidate
For her approval, sent a proxy
To answer for his orthodoxy ;
And vouch for his being duly grounded
In all the points whereon were founded
The requisitions, from whose root
Knowledge should bear such golden fruit—
Some one well known to all the nation,
In person, or by reputation.
Those under her consideration
Just now, had, therefore, each deputed
The advocate he deemed best suited
To set forth his deserts at length,
And plead his cause in all its strength.
The first who to the ordeal came
Was Ignorance—you've heard her name !

Diplomacy had heard it too ;—
Nay, more—the lady well she knew.
Not Ignorance, the dogged, dull,
Whose heart is numb as is her skull ;
Whose blood's mean current Sloth impedes
Like sluggish rivers choked with weeds :
No link of amity hath she
With quick-witted Diplomacy.
The Ignorance of whom I tell,
Is one we all know very well :
A genial, careless, merry creature,—
Contentment stamped on every feature,—
Whose head has never been perplexed
With questions *vexing* more than *vexed* ;
Who always sets us at our ease,
By noting no deficiencies—
A very patent way to please !
She and Diplomacy had been
Associates in many a scene ;

And always got on well together,
Save in some bouts of stormy weather,
When Ignorance, by zealous snatches,
Would take to writing the Despatches.
She, then, it was who, in compliance
With earnest prayers, and in reliance
On her experience, year by year,
Of what shone most in the career,
Came forward now, to recommend
To the protection of her friend,
A favourite protégé of hers,
Who longed for Diplomatic spurs.
To state his merits when desired,
She answered frankly, as required :
“ He’s not by any means a fool ;
“ He learned all sorts of things at school ;
“ Skimmed through a university,
“ And *might* have taken a Degree.”

- “ So far so good ! Pray ! can he spell ? ”
- “ All easy words—he dances well ;
- “ His waltzing is a glorious thing !
- “ He can compose a polka ; sing
- “ Like a moustachioed nightingale ;
- “ Expound a riddle ; tell a tale
- “ Of modern belle or ancient ghost ;
- “ I know not which he deals in most.”
- “ Is he well up in all the tenses
- “ Of all French verbs ? ”—“ Ahem ! he fences
- “ With skill and science ; takes a joke,
- “ When sharpened fine ;—knows how to smoke ;
- “ Has charming manners ; much *aplomb* ;
- “ And always makes himself at home.”
- “ Most satisfactory ! Can he write ? ”
- “ I think so—I’m not certain quite :
- “ Yes, but I am though ! for I’ve seen
- “ Small notes of his—pink, blue, and green.

- “ He punctuates without a blunder,
“ From commas up to pops of wonder.”
“ But tell me now, how stands his grammar ?”
“ Well ! I don’t think it needs a crammer.”
“ All right ! I hope, besides, that he
“ Knows history and geography.”
“ Of course ! At school he used to trace
“ Maps ; dotting down each famous place :
“ And he can throw off names, facts, dates,
“ As glibly as a parrot prates ;
“ Coupling the former with the latter—
“ If not correctly, no great matter !
“ Whether the living miss or hit
“ Such truths, the dead care not a whit.
“ A Diplomat predestined, for
“ He’s more than half a conjuror ;
“ An adept in all carpet sports,
“ And formed to fascinate at courts ;

“ He'll do you credit in a line
“ Where Britons do not always shine ;
“ And prove that English heart of oak
“ May take a polish ; though some folk
“ Aver that it is all in vain
“ To work on such a knotty grain.
“ Upon the whole, I know you'll find
“ The youth exactly to your mind.
“ I trust that my advice you'll take ;
“ If but for old acquaintance sake.”

Diplomacy looked quite benign,
And made her a good-natured sign
To stand a little bit aside,
Until the other suit was tried.
The sponsor that came next was Learning,
Who, wishing to appear discerning,
Descanted, in a pompous tone,
On facts not generally known ;

Touched upon multifarious topics,
Around the poles—between the tropics ;
Called things right, by their hardest name,
And said her pupil did the same.
Taking a scope thus wide and high,
The whole harangue was rather dry
And tedious, as may be supposed.
Diplomacy, I fancy, dozed :
For, else, she never could have sat
While Learning lectured her like that ;
And stated that her youthful friend
Had powers of mind to comprehend
All that she lightly had glanced through ;
And tongue to lecture on it too.
Diplomacy gulped down a yawn
At first, and next a sigh long-drawn :
Then, like a person just awoke
From unrefreshing slumber, spoke.

“ All you have uttered is sublime ;
“ But, to digest it, needs more time
“ And deeper thought than I can spare,
“ At present, from a grave affair.
“ As you perceive, 'tis rather late,
“ And I have business of some weight,
“ Which can't be put off 'till to morrow :
“ I say it with exceeding sorrow.
“ Your protégé, no doubt, is clever,
“ And does you honour. I'll endeavour,
“ Some day, to do myself the pleasure
“ To question him ;—when more at leisure.
“ I hope sincerely 'twill be soon :
“ I wish you a good afternoon.”—
‘ So now, dear Ignorance ! this once,
I e'en must choose your charming Dunce ’

NATIONAL EVENING HYMN.

ALL Mighty ! Thou who sendest on his way
The giant Sun to rule the radiant day ;
Thou, at whose bidding, with a softened light,
The Moon comes forth to cheer the mournful Night ;
Thou, from whose glory's unimagined source
The stars derive effulgence for their course ;
Ancient of days ! from whose unerring hand
Earth's ages drop, like grains of falling sand ;
Before Thy throne we stand.

Benign Creator ! whose inspiring word
Exulting myriads into being stirred ;
God ! self-existent, self-dependent ; known
In thy reflected Majesty alone ;
Wielder of destinies ! on whose dread breath
Trembles the balanced doom of life and death ;
Immutable ! Eternal ! deign to bow
An ear of mercy to Thy creatures now !

Accept our evening vow !

Father ! we thank Thee for the day just past ;
Those yet to come upon Thy love we cast ;
We bless Thee for the Dead whose griefs are o'er ;
For us who live, Thy grace we still implore.
Grant, Thou, the stranger's God ! sweet dreams of home
To those who, far away, in exile roam.
Our sleep o'ershadow with Thy fostering care ;
Rest where we may, All Present ! Thou art there.

Lord God ! make good our prayer !

WAR SONG.

Τι γὰρ πατρώας ἀνδρὶ φίλτερον Χθονός ;

COME on ! come on ! The strife
Is not alone for life,

That doubtful good :
To struggle we are here
For all that makes life dear,
As brave men should.

The Foe draws near our walls ;
The voice of Honour calls ;
Accursed the ear
Which drinks not in the sound !—
The heart which does not bound
That voice to hear !

Old men, whose strength is gone ;
In youth whose valour shone
 With steady flame !
Your blood is in our veins :
Come see us spurn all chains,
 In Freedom's name !

Mothers ! ye shall not blush,
When ye behold us rush
 Forth to the field :
Our graves may there be spread
Ere night : alive or dead,
 We will not yield.

Children ! come out and see
The warfare of the Free !
 For you we fight :
Learn how a patriot draws
His good sword in the cause
 Of Home and Right !

A day may come when you
Must fight a battle too,
 Upon whose fate
Kindred's and Country's doom,
Of glory or of gloom,
 Balanced shall wait.

Maidens! 'tis yours to stay
Within your homes and pray,
 With trusting heart,
That God His Hosts would send
Of Angels, to defend
 The righteous part.

THE DYING GIRL'S DREAM.

A WIDOWED father watched beside the bed
Of one, whose life was fluttering on Death's brink :
Between his heart and its beloved Dead
This was the single still unsevered link.

He knew her spirit soon must pass away
And leave him desolate on earth. He wept,
In voiceless agony, while there she lay,
Like a young folded flower at eve, and slept.

She opened suddenly her lustrous eyes

Filled with that deep, mysterious, holy light,
The setting Spirit's radiance, whose clear dyes
Tinge the dark confines of sepulchral night.

“ Father ! dear father ! do not weep for me !

I go, in hope, to join God's angel throng ;
I go, in joy, my Saviour's face to see ;
My father, thou wilt follow me ere long.

“ Even now, I waken from a happy dream

Where Heaven was opened to my distant view ;
And all the aspiring fantasies that seem
Too bright for truth, were imaged forth as true.

“ I saw that world where joys are felt and known

Which were but dimly shadowed forth in this ;
Where Jesus sits upon His mercy-throne,
And hope is merged in certainty of bliss.

“ Thus was the vision : At that dreary hour
Which ushers in the newly risen day,
As was my wont while still I had the power.
I went, methought, in yon old church to pray.

“ Alone I passed along the solemn aisle,
And marked a quaint memorial here and there :
Alone in all that venerable pile,
I bent my knee and raised my heart in prayer.

“ I know not in my dream how long I knelt ;
For I was lost to thoughts of all below ;
Until at last in every sense I felt
A gush of transport through my being flow.

“ I raised my eyes. Lo ! at an open door,
Radiant in loveliness—not that of earth—
I saw a group, remembered well of yore,
Centred by her to whom I owe my birth.

“ Yes! there she stood,—the mother early lost,—
Smiling amongst her beautiful and brave ;
Her home-shed buds ;—her war and tempest-tossed—
The gallant boys who found a foreign grave.

“ I saw them, beauteous in ethereal bloom ;
A glory stamped on each immortal brow :
Let me go down into the dark, cold tomb,
To rise again and be as they are now !

“ My own beloved sister twin was there ;
She glided towards me from the angel band :
A wreath of deathless flowers was on her hair ;
A wreath of deathless flowers was in her hand.

“ This laid she gently on my bending head :
Straightway my eyes were opened to behold
The unimagined glories of the Dead.
To living ears they may not yet be told.

“ I see those heavenly forms before me still !

I feel their balmy breathings on my face !

Their whispers, floating round, the chamber fill :

‘ Come, Sister ! come to thine appointed place !’

“ I come !—Dear father, yet a parting kiss !

Devoid of bitterness thy tears must fall :

My soul is winged for everlasting bliss ;—

Thou would’st not hold me back when Angels call.

“ I go before thee to the world unknown :

But if it be indeed a world of love,

Thou shalt not be all desolate and lone

While I am happy in those realms above.

“ When, as I know thou wilt, at evening hour

My favourite haunts thou visitest again,

And tenderest, for my sake, the fairy bower

I loved so much, I shall be with thee then.

“ And when thy patient soul pours forth a prayer
For strength to bow un murmuring to the rod,
My watchful Spirit shall be near, to bear
Thy supplication to the throne of God.”

She died. They sculptured o'er her place of rest
A budding lily drooping to the dust—
A butterfly emerging from its breast ;
Meet emblems of her purity and trust.

MEMORY'S JOYS.

Nam, fruendis voluntatibus, crescit carendi dolor.

PLINY THE YOUNGER, Lib. 8, Epist. 5.

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

DANTE.—*Inferno*, canto 5.

TALK not to me of Memory's joys !
Tell me not how she can restore
The blessings ruthless Time destroys,
As fresh and vivid as of yore !
Boast not to me her potent spell,
The good, relinquished, to regain !
I know, alas ! her magic well ;
And how it works on heart and brain.

I know that when our human cup
Is mantling high with mingled woes,
She adds some drops to fill it up,
And watches while the draught o'erflows.
I know that if she bring back flowers,
Such as around us used to bloom,
Just when we fancy they are ours,
We see them scattered o'er a tomb.

I know that it is Memory's vaunt
To mimic Pleasure's mouldered form,
And bid the mocking semblance haunt
The soul its type was wont to warm ;
And that when, yielding to her skill,
We trust the fair illusion most,
And at the phantom grasp, a chill
Reminds us 'tis but Pleasure's ghost.

Remember ! Teach me to forget
A bliss too exquisite to last !
My grief becomes more poignant yet
By contrast with the happy past.
Go bid the plundered miser count
Among the worthless baubles left,
The irrecoverable amount
Of wealth of which he is bereft !

Believe ye that the blind from birth
Can languish for the glorious light,
And pine to look upon this earth
Like him who lately lost his sight ?
Can the hereditary slave,
Who never moved without a chain,
Chafe at his bondage, like the brave
Brought up all fetters to disdain ?

I find no comfort in the thought

That, wretched now, I have been blessed :

With tenfold agony is fraught

The dearth of treasure once possessed.

Lost joy remembered 'mid despair

Dyes it of deeper, darker hue ;—

The life-long wretch may calmly bear

The want of what he never knew.

“ TO DIE IS NOTHING IN ITSELF.”

Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ αἰσχρὸν, ἀλλ’ αἰσχρὸς θανεῖν.

To die is nothing in itself ;—a breath—

A pulse suppressed,—no more. To die with shame,

And leave the memory of a blighted name ;—

This is the sting and bitterness of Death.

To die is nothing—on the battle-field,

Obedient to the call of Duty’s voice :—

That Death is but the Patriot’s dearest choice,

Whose Country’s freedom with his blood is sealed.

To die is nothing—when beside the bed

Where slowly, peacefully, we sink to sleep,

Watch anxious eyes which tell us, while they weep,
That, loved in life, we shall be honoured dead.

To die is nothing—while the ardent mind,

Exulting in the work already wrought,

Is planning, with its eager powers of thought,
New schemes to raise and purify mankind.

To die is nothing—while some Dream of bliss

Is hovering o’er us, with bright wings unfurled,

And whispering hopes which in that unknown world
May be fulfilled ; but never could in this.

To die is nothing—while fair Childhood’s bloom,

Is still unfaded ; and the rosy Hours

Dance gaily onward, garlanded with flowers,
Bearing the unconscious victim to his tomb.

To die is nothing—in the flush of youth,
While Glory fills the brain, and Love the heart ;
And the frank spirit, not yet warped by art,
Feeling its own, believes another's truth.

To die is nothing—in strong Manhood's prime
Of noble energy ;—when o'er the past
The parting glance of retrospection cast
Finds Life's fair reckoning balanced well with Time.

To die is nothing—while, in tranquil Age,
With loosening hold on all the things of Earth,
The trusting soul awaits its second birth
Where Grief can enter not, or Passion rage.

To die is nothing in itself ;—The scorn
Of those who see us die gives Death its pang :
Rather than feel *such* Death's envenomed fang
Far better were it not to have been born.

THE MINSTREL'S WARNING.

Como estoy alegre,
Tristezas temo,
Porque vienen mil penas
Tras un contento.

ANONYMOUS.

ONE day, a Minstrel sat and sang,
Not idly, as I think :
“ The brightest flowers of joy o’erhang
A precipice’s brink :
Pleasure is seldom free from pain ;
A smile may cause a tear ;
Loss may come hand in hand with gain ;
And Hope is twin with Fear.

“ Then wisely listen to my voice
Which warns you of your doom ;
Prepare to grieve when ye rejoice ;
To wither when ye bloom :
Amidst all good remember ill—
It soon must be your share ;
If light your load, be ready, still,
A heavier load to bear.”

THE REVENGE OF VETTOR PISANI.
(1379.)

UNGRATEFUL Venice ! In those palmy days
For ever gone, when Glory's crown of rays
Shone, still undimmed, upon thy haughty head,
And patriot chiefs thy patriot people led
O'er the calm bosom of thy deep blue sea,
To conquer other States, and keep thine free,
How often, Queen of Ocean ! didst thou doom
Thy best and noblest to a dungeon's gloom ;
Or brand the memory of thy true and brave
With the dishonour of a Traitor's grave !

Yet how they loved thee ! with what filial pride,
In thy mysterious service lived and died :
Deeming the destiny supremely blessed,
To lie at anchor in thy heartless breast !
But harsher mandate, sentence more unjust,
Never disgraced thine annals of distrust,
Than when, to expiate thy Senate's fault,
Pisani languished in San Marco's vault.
He, whose proud name no blot had ever stained,
With wounded honour and with limbs enchained,
Like any common felon fettered lay,
To fret his wronged and gallant heart away.
How his indignant spirit must have spurned
The charge of inefficiency, and burned
With the remembrance of the glorious fights
Won by his arm for Venice and her rights !
How chafed at life, and wished a Hero's death
Had been his safeguard against Slander's breath !

Day after day rolls on its heavy round,
And still he there remains in fetters bound
Whose iron cankereth.—At length a foe
Appears, whom Venice well has learned to know :
The fleet victorious of that rival State,—
Her equal in ambition and in hate,—
Exulting Genoa's triumphant host,
With taunts, draws near the Adriatic coast.
Insulted Venice proudly to their oars
Summons her people to defend her shores.
The people rush, in wild, tumultuous bands,
To where the Lion of San Marco stands ;
Around the palace of the Doge they crowd,
And rend the air with shoutings fierce and loud :
“ Give us our Admiral once more, and then
Undaunted see us face the foe again !
Without him, never ! Forth our Hero give !
Long live Pisani ! Long Pisani live ! ”

Those honest shouts his dungeon's echoes filled,
And through the captive's generous bosom thrilled.
Slowly he rose ; and, crawling on in pain,
Close to the grated window dragged his chain.
Thence the pure Patriot's loyal accents fell
On ears which loved those long-known accents well,
And manly hearts which had been often stirred
To noble action by his lightest word :
“ Pause, fellow Citizens ! Venetians, pause !
Obey our Country and respect her Laws !
‘ Long live San Marco ! ’ is the only cry
Venetian lips should ever send on high ! ”

The prudent Senate heard the People's voice,
And gave them forth the leader of their choice.

THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD.

A YEAR has vanished, bearing down the tide
Which flows not back—the Ocean of the Past—
Hopes, fears, joys, sorrows ; dreams of human pride
And passion ; all irrevocably cast
 Within the inexorable keeping
 Which yields not up its trust,
For threat or prayer or weeping
 Of Earth's poor sons of dust.

A Year has vanished, and the treasures
She gathered on her varying round ;
The sparkling schemes, the bright-hued pleasures
That scattered o'er her path she found ;—
Alas ! the reckless Year
Hath flung away the store
Of all she garnered here,
Whence it may rise no more !

The memory of our Dead, the slain
On Eastern height and battle-plain ;
The glory of our gallant-hearted,
Bought with their sweat and blood ;—
Has it too with the Year departed,
To sink and perish in that flood,—
The abyss of Time still deepening on for ever,
Engulphing all things and disgorging never ?

There is no Past for them.—Their deathless fame
Is present now and shall be present still,
So long as England owns a Nation's name,
And English hearts with patriot feelings thrill.
They sleep afar in foreign earth ;
But English maids shall sing
Their dirge by many an English hearth,
And feel that 'tis a glorious thing
To be of English birth.

The English sire shall teach his son,
Through age succeeding age,
To scan their deeds on History's page,
And do as they have done ;
And English children at their play
Shall pause to think upon the story
Their mothers told with tears, that day,
Of English bravery and glory.

Where'er the English tongue is spoken,—
Where'er men honour noble deeds,
Unflinching zeal, and faith unbroken,
And Valour that for Freedom bleeds,—
Their memory shall be a token
For Victory, till Time's o'erflowing sea
Mingle its waters with Eternity.

January 1, 1855.

THE UNCHANGED.

How many years have passed away
Since last I saw thy face !
Yet scarcely seems it that a day
Hath printed there its trace.
Thy smiles are joyous as of yore ;
Thine eyes as full of light ;
The rosy blushes mantling o'er
Thy cheek, are just as bright.

Yes ! there thou art, all brilliant still ;

All tranquil too ; no sign

That cares which other bosoms fill

Have ever entered thine !

Have all these years no shadow thrown

Upon that surface fair ?

Hast thou no sorrows of thine own ?

No loved one's griefs to share ?

How hast thou hoarded girlhood up ?

How stayed the fleeting hours ?

What magic draught has brimmed thy cup,

Freshening its crown of flowers ?

How hast thou bribed old Time, who flings

His evil gifts o'er all,

To let the down from his dark wings

On thee so softly fall ?

Yet once the river of thy life
Thus calmly did not roll :
Thou hast had thine hour of inward strife ;
Thine agony of soul ;
Thy struggles between pride and love ;
Thy tears which *would* be wept
O'er vows by all on earth—above—
Plighted—but never kept.

The very memory hast thou lost
Of woe thou scarce could'st bear ?
Few could have lived on, having crossed
A gulf so like Despair.
But thou hast crossed it ;—and thy bloom
Pales not ; nor does it glow,—
Like roses which conceal a tomb,—
To hide a wreck below.

Forget ! forget ! For such as thou
Remembrance was not made ;
And Nature never meant that brow
To wear a deepened shade.
Forget ! forget—yet can'st thou ?—all
The visions of thy youth !
Let no awakening pang recall
Thy dreams of Love and Truth !

Can'st thou forget that broken heart,—
That such a heart should break
For one so heartless as thou art !—
Now mouldering for thy sake ?
Can'st thou forget the dawn of bliss
So suddenly o'ercast ?
Oh ! God ! can'st thou forget all this,
Thou Traitress to the past ?

Forget ! forget ! smile on, smile on,

At least in semblance blest !

Forget ! forget the dead and gone !

Are not they too at rest ?

Almost, while thus I gaze on thee,

I think with those who deem

In Heaven there is no memory

Of this World's troubled dream.

THE TOMB OF HEROES.

*Ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσι γῇ τάφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ
σημαίνει ἐπιγραφή, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκόνσῃ ἄγραφος μνήμη παρ' ἑκάστῳ
τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδιδαιτᾷται.*

THUCYDIDES, Lib. 2, Cap. 43.

WHEN Heroes die, the World becomes their Tomb,—

The World itself,—and not that spot alone

Where their proud Country's love records their doom,

With grateful tears, on a sepulchral stone.

Their glory is not for a single land ;

Not to one language is confined their fame ;

Where'er a Patriot's rising zeal is fanned

By Freedom's breath, their Memory feeds the flame.

Wherever noble spirits may be stirred
To emulation by a deed renowned,—
Wherever Honour is a household word,—
Their cherished name is a familiar sound.
Through all the scattered nations of the Earth,
Their actions are engraved on every heart
Which loves the Home and Country of its birth ;
Though not on marble by the Sculptor's Art.

INDIFFERENCE.

IN days gone by, alas ! we two
 Could scarcely bear to be apart ;
And not a cloud its shadow threw
 O'er one, but chilled the other heart.
Our lives were knit together then ;
 Our joys and sorrows were the same :
Ah ! shall I ever feel again
 Or joy or sorrow at thy name ?

I neither love nor hate thee now ;
Thine image wakes no hope,—no fear ;
I care not where thou dwellest—thou,
Whose presence used to be so dear !
I know not how the change was wrought,
Or which of us was first estranged ;
Or who most erred in deed—word—thought :—
I only know that both are changed.

Sometimes I try to conjure back
Feelings that long have passed away,
And put Love on the ancient track
He has not trod for many a day.
In vain ! or if Affection's dream
Recur, and bring old thoughts of thee,
It is but as the wintry beam
Glances across a frozen sea.

GRIEF.

THERE is a meek and tender Grief
Which finds in sympathy relief;
Which loves to hear Compassion's sigh,
And see the tear in Pity's eye.
Soothe that gentle, trusting Sorrow
With bright promise for to-morrow.

There is a Woe which doth not weep ;
A gnawing Care which dares not sleep ;
There is a Thought which cannot die ;
A Memory which will not fly :
Pass that Woe ! There is no healing
For the wounds which shun revealing.

Sooner mayest thou gather up
The fragments of yon broken cup,
And crown them with the brimming draught
Already to the bottom quaffed,
Than link anew the loves once shattered,
Or recall the joys once scattered.

Rather mayest thou chase and seize
The rose-leaves dancing on the breeze,
And compel them by thy power
To bloom again, a perfect flower,
Than revive the banished seeming
Of Youth's pure and glorious dreaming.

Dost thou ask the signs to know
Of that self-concentred Woe ?
It hath neither sighs nor tears ;
Its worst is told ; it hath no fears ;
It wears an aspect unrelenting ;
It feeleth guilt without repenting.

Knowest thou not the death-like hush
Which followeth a spirit's crush ?—
The calm intenseness of Despair
Which shows that all is over there ?
Leave thy words of Hope unspoken ;
Here, the heart of Hope is broken !

Pass that Grief ! It doth not brook
Soothing word or pitying look.
Let it take its dreary course
Of bereavement or remorse.
Pass ! Its destiny is sleeping
In the God of Mercy's keeping.

THE DYING PAINTER'S DREAM.

Honos alit artes, omnesque incenduntur ad studia gloriâ :
jacentque ea semper, quæ apud quosque improbantur.

CICERO—*Tusc. Quæst.*, Lib. i., Cap. 2.

DEAR Sister! come and give me light ;

In darkness do not let me die ;

Show me once more, ere all is night,

The glory of the morning sky.

Let me look out on Nature's face,

So worshipped by this weary heart,

And fancy that I yet may grace

With charms of hers her handmaid Art.

And sit thou down beside me, Dear!

Thy soft, slight fingers let me hold ;—
Nay! try to smile!—and thou shalt hear—

My last night's dream,—as oft of old.
Alas! from childhood up, my life
Has been a dream—and nothing more—
A half-unconscious spirit-strife.—
Peace! fretted soul! The vision's o'er.

What has existence been to me?

The chase of a still shifting flame ;
Feverish ambition but to be
A bubble on the breath of Fame ;
Wild longing to excel, and pride
Which deemed no task its strength above.
Say, if they ask of what I died,
That it was unrequited love.

Yes ! love of Art !—A mistress fair ;

But of a fickle, thankless mood :

Serve her not ye who cannot bear

The stinging of Ingratitude !

Her Ministers, the prosperous Great,

Who guide her councils,—frame her laws,—

Reck not how many a humble fate

Hangs tremblingly on their applause.

In their high sphere they little heed

The lowly, whom their hand might raise,

Languishing, famishing, for need

Of but a word of kindly praise.

They little care that, as the flower

Deprived of light will lose its bloom,

So Genius, chilled, will lose its power

Amid Neglect's unbroken gloom.

But to my dream ! Well ! with the Dead

I was : that part will soon come true :

Sweet Sister ! let no tears be shed !

Ere long thou wilt be with them too.

In sleep, at least, I was among

The glorious lights of human kind,

Whose deeds throughout the world are sung ;

Whose thoughts are fresh in every mind.

The Masters, in my Art renowned,

To whom their Country's memory clings ;

The favourites of Monarchs,—crowned

With gems beyond the price of kings ;—

The victors in that race of pain

Where I have been compelled to yield,

Were there :—and they did not disdain

The vanquished on their hard-won field.

They welcomed me—the weak, the foiled !

They said I had deserved success ;—

I, who so earnestly had toiled ;—

And wished I had but suffered less.

Meanwhile, a beauteous form drew nigh :

Smiling she beckoned ; mild command

And power benign shone from her eye ;

A wreath was hanging from her hand.

Methought she led me towards a lake

Margined with flowers of every hue :

And then she seemed a pause to make,

And sweetly smile on me anew.

“ Thou who hast bravely striven to win

Renown,” she said, “ look down and see

What mirrored treasure lies within

The Lake of Immortality.”

I looked ! I saw ! and I felt blessed
With joy ne'er dreamed before or known :
For pictured on the lake's calm breast
Was that conception of my own,
On which Hope's latest die was cast
And lost. — My life redeems that game :
What matter if it bring, at last,
Immortal honour to my name ?

My head, bowed down with rapture, drooped
Like a dew-laden bud beneath
Its weight of nourishment. She stooped,
And in the lake she dipped the wreath
She held. Then, charmed against decay
Or blight, she laid it on my brow.
God ! let my spirit pass away,
And realize the vision now !

On his closed lids which seemed to sleep,

Eternal Peace her seal had set :

His sister watched and did not weep ;

She deemed not he had left her yet.

But those were the last words he spoke ;

He never saw another morn

Arise on Earth ;—no more he woke,

To meet the glance of this World's scorn.

SONGS OF THE TRAUSI.

Τραυσοὶ δὲ τὰ μὲν ἄλλα πάντα κατὰ τὰντὰ τοῖσι ἄλλοισι Θρηξὶ ἐπιτελέουσι, κατὰ δὲ τὸν γινόμενόν σφι καὶ ἀπογινόμενον ποιεῦσι τριάδε. τὸν μὲν γενόμενον περιϋζόμενοι οἱ προσήκοντες ὀλοφύρονται, ὅσα μιν δεῖ, ἐπεὶ τε ἐγένετο, ἀναπλῆσαι κακὰ, ἀνηγεόμενοι τὰ ἀνθρωπήϊα πάντα πάθεα· τὸν δ' ἀπογενόμενον, παίζοντές τε καὶ ἡδόμενοι γῇ κρύπτουσι, ἐπιλέγοντες ὅσων κακῶν ἐξαπαλλαχθεῖς, ἔστι ἐν πάσῃ εὐδαιμονίῃ.

HERODOTUS—*Terpsichore*, 4.

BIRTH SONG.

WAIL ! Wail ! Wail !

A Child is come into this World of Woe ;

His eyes have opened vaguely on Life's morn :

How dark Life's day will be, he doth not know :

We know it well !—Wail for the newly born

To writhe beneath Fate's scorn !

Sing ! Sing ! Sing !

And let the Song be as a lengthened moan ;

Greet him in muffled accents dull and deep ;

More sorrow-laden yet shall be his own.

He sleepeth now an all-unconscious sleep :

He soon must wake to weep.

Speak ! Speak ! Speak,

(To tell of ill is the chief use of speech)

Of all the miseries which Life's threshold throng !

Say that his human language will not reach

The full expression of his human wrong ;

As he shall feel ere long.

Call ! Call ! Call,

In suppliant tones, on the Deliverer, Death !

Call on him, ye to whom the Babe is dear !

Devote to him the lightly heaving breath !

Beseech him speedily to join us here,

And crown the Infant's bier !

DEATH SONG.

REJOICE ye in triumph ! Rejoice for the Dead !
His troubles are ended ; his Spirit has fled
Beyond the pursuit of the passions of Earth,
Which harassed and hunted him on from his birth :
In triumph rejoice for the Dead !

The wearisome tale of his suffering is told :
For him no more sickness or hunger or cold !
He hath found a calm refuge on some tranquil shore,
Where the tempest shall buffet his weak frame no more :
The tale of his suffering is told.

He hath burst from his bonds ! He hath flung off his chain !
The fetters are broken which galled him with pain !
He is free from the heart-fretting trammels of Life !
The battle is gained ! He hath won in the strife !
He is free ! He hath flung off his chain !

Rejoice ! For the Dead, the Delivered, rejoice !

Be the joy of the soul echoed forth by the voice !

He is gone to the regions of sunlight and peace :

He is gone where the anguish of this world must cease :

For the Dead, the Delivered, rejoice !

OH! GIVE ME BACK MY HAPPY YOUTH.

OH! give me back my happy youth,
So free from care and grief and sin ;
When all around me shone like Truth ;
All slept like Innocence within !
I have been tossed about, like foam
Upon the raging Ocean's breast :
Oh ! give me back my tranquil home !
I do not ask for joy—but rest.

My heart is seared ; my spirit bowed ;
Thought's fountain scorched up in my brain :
When shall I see the " little cloud,"
Which promises abundant rain ?
When shall I hear the rising breath
Of coming Mercy floating round ?
Would it but whisper " Early death !"
To me that were the gladdest sound.

It is a piteous thing to be
Alone, unloved, as I am now :
Nay ! spurn me not ! Thou dost not see
The stamp of guilt upon my brow.
I may have erred ; but I have striven
To find again the path of right :—
I have repented ;—have forgiven ;—
And prayed to God for better light.

SEPARATION.

WE stood in silence on the beach,
As Evening fell :
We had no heart, no tongue for speech,
To bid “ Farewell !”

The ship was heaving into sight,
Which was to bear
Me far away, that very night,
And leave her there.

We knew our dream of bliss was o’er
With that last day :
We knew that we should meet no more :
What *could* we say ?

I felt that I should ne'er again,
In this world, see
That angel face, whose light was then
As Heaven's to me ;—

That I no more that voice should hear.
Whose music thrilled,
In memory, long upon the ear
It once had filled.

I knew that fond heart, beating now
For me alone,
Must soon transfer its altered vow
To one unknown.

A duty could it be to yield
Obedience blind ;
And ratify a compact sealed
By Sire unkind ?

Has Nature gifted with a right—
A sacred power—
Ambitious parents, thus to blight
Affection's flower ?

We have not, since that anguish, met ;
Nor do I know
Whether she, too, remembers yet
Our parting woe ;

Or whether all to her is blank,
Where used to be
That fated Isle of Love, which sank
In Pride's cold Sea.

THE GRIEF OF PSAMMENITUS.

HERODOTUS—*Thalia*. 14, 15.

FORTH Psammenitus comes. Before
His ancient City's gate
Compelled to sit, he ponders o'er
The mysteries of Fate.
Ten days ago, he was a King :
He is a Slave to-day ;
A Captive crushed to Earth ; a thing
By Fortune flung away.

Near him Egyptian Nobles stand,
In gloomy calmness all :
They could not save their native land ;
They dare not mourn her fall.
They dare not speak their thoughts aloud
And curse the Conqueror's name :
Their heads in silent woe are bowed ;
Their souls weighed down by shame.

In servile garb a troop advance ;
A servile load they bear :
Each Father's horror-stricken glance
Describes a Daughter there.
Led by a princess, they pass by ;
And bitterly they weep :
Their Sires respond with wailing cry,
And tears, and groanings deep ;—

Save Psammenitus :—he no tears

Lets fall, nor heaves a groan :

Unmoved and rigid, he appears

Almost a shape of stone :

He makes no show of grief ; he sits

With eye-lids downward cast ;

Across his brow no feeling flits,—

No shadow of the past.

Two thousand boys, with haltered neck

And bridled mouth, are led

To death, at the proud Conqueror's beck :

A prince is at their head.

With lamentations loud and wild

The air is rent around :

The Father of that Royal Child

Still utters not a sound.

A squalid mendicant comes on
With feeble step and slow ;
To crave an alms he stops anon,
Bowed down by want and woe.
His Monarch's comrade oft of yore,
'Mid revelry and feast ;—
Now, broken-hearted and foot-sore,
He begs for bread, at least.

His Monarch's eyes are raised ; he knows
The suppliant's mien and tones ;
His pent-up agony o'erflows ;
He smites his head ;—he groans.
He wept not when his Children passed,
Like menials, on their way
To death or worse ;—he weeps, at last,
For one less loved than they.

Cambyzes marvels much to hear

The tale :—to ask he sends,

“ Than Sons and Daughters are more dear,

“ Oh ! Psammenitus ! friends ?”

“ So dear my Children are,” he cries,

“ That all the tears would fail,

“ Which ere were wept by human eyes,

“ *Their* sorrows to bewail.

“ My private griefs lie buried deep,

“ Far out of mortal sight ;

“ Their Memory will never sleep,

“ But cannot bear the light.

“ External signs my grief may speak

“ For him who houseless stands

“ On Age’s threshold, famished, weak,

“ And begs from stranger-hands.

“ My banquet he was wont to share,
“ When life’s cup to the brim
“ Mantled with joy :—now, see him there !
“ I well may weep for him !”
Cambyses hears.—At length, with ruth
His heart is touched :—he gives
Command to spare the Royal Youth.
The boy no longer lives !

EUTHANASIA.

Ὡν τοῖς θεοῖς ἄνθρωπος εὐχεται τυχεῖν
Τῆς εὐθανασίας κρεῖττον οὐδὲν εὐχεται.

POSIDIPPUS.

PRAY, if thou wilt, to Heaven to grant thee wealth ;

And pray for grace to use it rightly, too.

Pray for success in enterprize ;—for health ;

For prosperous love ; for friendship warm and true.

Pray for high energy ; for courage ; strength

Of mind and body ;—for the glorious gift

Of intellectual power. Pray for length

Of life ; —the longest course of life is swift.

All fervent prayers to memory recall,

E'er wafted to the skies by human breath,
And use them for thyself. Then, chief of all,
Pray for an easy and a happy death.

LEGEND OF A FOUNTAIN IN SICILY.

Καὶ διότι ἐπὶ τῆς ὁδοῦ τῆς εἰς Συρακούσας κρήνη ἐστὶν ἐν λειμῶνι οὔτε
μεγίλη, οὔθ' ὕδωρ ἔχουσα πολὺ· συναπαντήσαντος δ' εἰς τὸν τόπον ὕχλου πολλοῦ,
παρέσχεν ὕδωρ ἄφθονον.—ARISTOTLE.

My Child ! of vanity beware,
And fondness for display :
Make friends and keep them :—never care
For what mere flatterers say.
Meekly, yet nobly, use the powers
Kind Nature may bestow :
Her gifts if Fortune on thee showers,
Assuage thy brother's woe.

Be not like the Sicilian fount,
We read of long ago,
Whose waters seem of no account,—
In fact, they scarcely flow,—
Unless a crowd be gathered round :
Then, forth they spring and gush,—
Roll onward, with triumphant sound,
And through the Country rush.

That fount was once a maiden vain,
Who passed her useless days
In planning how she might obtain
The largest sum of praise.
She had no heart for Friendship's touch ;
No ear for Pity's call :
She loved herself by far too much ;
Her neighbours not at all.

Her face was fair ; her eyes were bright,

They told her, as the sun ;

Admiring crowds were her delight ;

She scorned the love of one.

The tenderness of womanhood

Ne'er melted in her breast ;

She never thought of doing good,

Or wished another blessed.

She never did a gracious deed ;

Unworthy Woman she !

Who the indignant Gods decreed

Should Woman cease to be.

So, living when few things looked strange,

And to transform a Dame

To water was a common change,

That fountain she became.

The unfriendly fountain still retains,
 Unchanged, the maiden's mind ;
Selfish and vain like her remains,
 And useless to mankind.

The lonely traveller findeth not
 The means there to allay
His thirst ; but, unrefreshed and hot,
 Pursues his weary way.

If an admiring concourse throng
 The fountain-head about,
Prepared to praise, they wait not long
 Ere water gushes out
Abundantly, and pours its tide
 Afar, without a cause ;
Unless it be the selfish pride
 That feeds upon applause.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SOUTH.

Dost thou remember the old happy time,
When our hearts were as sunny as the bright Italian
clime ?
When our thoughts were like whispers from the Spirit
of the South,
And music was the language that flowed from every
mouth ;
When we watched the Summer moonbeams that danced
on the waves,
While the merry young Sea-Nymphs danced in their
caves ;
When fire-flies and fancies flitted round in golden
showers ;
And the Sky was full of stars, as the Earth was full of
flowers ;
When friendship looked like love, and hope felt like
trust ?
Dost thou remember it ?—Say that thou dost !

Dost thou remember the old happy time,
When existence seemed enchantment, and despondency
 a crime ;
When all was unclouded around us and within ;
When we knew the World was sinful, but heeded not
 its sin ;
When we knew it was a World of toil and grief and
 care ;
But dreamed that it was good—as we saw that it was
 fair ?
Dost thou remember that land of Nature's bliss,
Where a sun is always shining that never shines in
 this ?
Where all things created rejoice—because they must ?
Dost thou remember it ?—Say that thou dost !

Dost thou remember the old happy time,
When life was in its spring, and enjoyment in its
prime;
When our pulses bounded lightly, and our spirits were
as free
As a bird on the wing, or as foam on the sea ?
Dost thou remember the clinging of the vines—
Symbol of faith—and the glory of the pines ;
The gathering of the loaded clouds along the darkened
shore,
The blazing of the lightning—the thunder's crash and
roar,
And the tempest rushing wildly with a sweeping,
screaming gust ?
Dost thou remember all ?—Say that thou dost ?

SOLON'S EXPERIENCE.

Οὐδὲ μάκαρ οὐδεὶς πέλεται βροτός * ἀλλὰ πόνηροι
Πάντες, ὅσους θνητοὺς ἥελιος καθορᾷ.

SOLON.

“ OF all the mortals looked on by the Sun,

“ In his diurnal course from East to West,”

Thus spoke an old Philosopher, “not one—

“ Such is Man’s wretched destiny—is blessed :

“ All are inevitably doomed by birth

“ To withering anguish or to fierce despair :

“ All are condemned to drag about this Earth

“ The burthen of hereditary care.”

This was the sad experience of a Sage,
 Amongst contemporary Sages deemed
 Pre-eminent in wisdom.—On that Age
 The Sun of Righteousness had never beamed
 Spreading Salvation's light of hope around ;
 And human Reason was the only guide,
 In spiritual midnight's gloom profound,
 Through the wild maze of intellectual pride.

We of the Christian world—for whom arose
 That Sun of Righteousness whose light can save
 The soul bewildered, from despair ; and shows
 The way to Heaven through the Redeemer's grave ;—
 Have we been guided by its radiance where
 To joy all grief is turned,—to gain all loss ?
 In faith our burthen meekly do we bear,
 And lay it down before our Saviour's Cross ?

A DOOM.

Go whither thou wilt,
A vision of guilt
Shall haunt thee for ever,—
Depart from thee never.

Where'er thou may'st roam,
Low whisperings from Home
Around thee shall flutter,
And deep curses mutter.

At Memory's call,
A shadow shall fall
O'er thy bright hopes when brightest,—
On thy light heart when lightest.

Love shall not beguile
Thy soul with his smile ;
For thee Love shall borrow
The semblance of Sorrow.

In thy moments of mirth
Such thoughts shall have birth,
As must turn all thy gladness
To mourning and madness.

When, ceasing to weep,
Thou sinkest to sleep,
Ill dreams, without number,
Shall trouble thy slumber ;

And then thou shalt wake
To think how hearts break,
When requited unkindly
For loving too blindly.

A dull, heavy pain,
Like the chill of a chain
Which yields to no finger,
About thee shall linger.

And Nature's glad voice
Shall ne'er bid thee rejoice ;
Nor Creation betoken
God's promise unbroken.

To thee shall be vain
Storm and sunshine and rain ;
The birds with their singing ;
The flowers in their springing.

The stars as they roll
Shall not speak to thy soul ;
The Earth in her glory
Shall tell thee no story.

On thus to thy tomb !
What *then* is thy doom ?
Human tongue may not speak it ;—
Eye of man may not seek it.

THE PLEASURES OF SLEEP.

Ὕπνος δὲ πᾶσιν ἐστὶν ὑγίεια βίου.

Ὕπνος δὲ πείναν τὴν κακέσχατον δαμᾷ.

Sleep is Death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without prayers.—SIR THOMAS BROWN.

WHAT drowsy bliss it is to feel

Sleep softly o'er our senses creeping,

When thought's day-fount he comes to seal,

All suffering in oblivion steeping !

When he, the God who looks like Death,

And is, indeed, Death's fairer brother,

Hushes our spirits, calms our breath,

And lulls us like a loving mother !

Sometimes, in tender sport, his wings,
O'er those whom most he favours, spreading,
And gorgeous dreams of glorious things,
Known little, but much longed-for, shedding
Upon the fascinated mind,
He pictures there, in vivid seeming,
Joys good to have, but hard to find
In this dull World ;—except in dreaming.

The soul bereaved and anguish-tost
He wafts in triumph on his pinions,
To seek and seize the treasures lost,
All safe and bright, in his Dominions.
Despise not such a transient rest
From actual care and real sorrow !
Is it not something to be blest,
If only 'till we wake to-morrow ?

THE OLD LONG-AGO.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

SHAKESPEARE.

REMEMBER the old long-ago,
And all who were dear to us then ;
Remember them fondly, although
We never shall see them again.
Remember the gay and the fair
Whom we frolicked so lightly among,
When life was unfettered by care,
And our hearts and our spirits were young.

Remember our joy-ringing home,
And the tones echoed back from its walls,
Ere its inmates were scattered, to roam
Far away from those stranger-filled halls.
Remember the tender and true,
O'er gentle and pure for this Earth ;
The reckless and boisterous too,
Who loved us through all their wild mirth.

Remember the scenes where we passed
The sunshiny season of youth,
When Hope's glories around us were cast,
And we took her bright visions for Truth.
Remember the noble and brave,
Who panted those dreams to fulfil :
Their ardour is quenched in the grave ;
But remember—remember them still !

THE WANDERER.

Desolate, dreary,
Heart-sore, and weary ;
Far from her own,
She wanders alone ;

Far away ;—parted
From the leal-hearted,
Who, in her youth,
Loved her with truth.

Why did she leave them ?
How could she grieve them ?
Was not their love
All other above ?

Harsh words were spoken ;
Fond vows were broken ;
 Trusting, in pride,
 A fresh love untried,

She went forth too lightly,
To learn how slightly
 A new faith takes hold,
 In place of the old.

Who now shall tend her ?
Who shall defend her
 From life's varied ills ;
 Its storms and its chills ?

With a spirit benighted—
Its bud of hope blighted—
 Her womanly trust
 Trampled, crushed into dust,

Her haughty breast swelling
With bitterness welling
 From founts buried low—
 Alone in her woe—

Not yet she knoweth
Where the tree groweth,
 To sweeten life's tide
 Of sorrow and pride :

Not yet she feeleth
The mercy which healeth
 Sick heart and brain,
 When Man's aid is vain.

Angels ! watch o'er her !
Gently restore her,
 Leading her back
 To childhood's lost track !

Is Memory's light burning ?
Are her thoughts turning
Homeward, at last,
Through the long past ?

Has a bird's singing—
Or a bell's ringing—
A chance tone or word—
Hushed sympathies stirred ?

Is some roused feeling
Tenderly stealing
Over her soul,
As summer waves roll ?

The wounded dove droopeth ;
Trembling, she stoopeth
Down to her nest,
Gasping for rest :

The hunted deer fleeth

On, till he seeth

Repose in the shade

Of his own glade :

Heart overloaded—

Restlessly goaded

By sleepless Despair—

Bring home thy care !

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE ROSE.

This Ballad refers to a Legend which was mentioned to me, many years ago, as attached to both a Nunnery and a Monastery—I believe, in Germany—the names of which I forget.

Oh ! the Rose ! the Rose ! the Royal red Rose !

The Empress of the flowers !

How stately she grows and how peerless she glows,

Like Aurora among the Hours !

Oh ! the Rose ! the Rose ! the glorious Queen

Of beauty and song and love ;

With her stem so sheen, and her leaves so green,

And her proud, bright head above !

The chaplet fair for lady's hair,
The posie for lady's breast,
Though ever so rare, if the Rose be not there,
Wants its loveliest and its best.

Gay lord and bold knight, men of mirth and of might,
Pass the brimming goblet round,
With laughter light ; and that goblet bright
With the merry red Rose is crowned.

That Rose so red recks nought of the Dead ;
But she hath a Sister pale,
Whose shadowy head is a death-sign dread ;
As ye'll know if ye list to my tale.

Oh ! the Rose ! the Rose ! the pale white Rose !
That Ghost among the flowers !
Like a Spirit she knows—like a Spirit she shows—
How to number Death's gliding hours.

* * * * *

The Convent-bell is tolling to tell
That a soul from Earth is sped :
Mingling voices swell the sound of the knell
With a requiem for the Dead.

Send up a prayer for the saintliest there,
Whose Spirit's bonds are riven :
The Angels above, on Earth had her love,
And we trust that her sins are forgiven.

Last blessed night, by the Moon's pale light,
As she knelt alone to pray,
The Death-Rose white was disclosed to her sight ;
At her bended knees it lay.

That Rose, 'tis said, was once bright red ;
In a lady's bower it grew ;
But a deed too fell for tongue to tell,
Turned white its glowing hue.

Murder was done, and the hand of a Nun

With poison imbued the steel:

Murder was done, and a guerdon was won

For wounds which no Leech might heal.

A gallant knight and a lady bright,

In that bower, were done to death ;

And, by the Moon's light, on the self-same night,

Was quenched an infant's breath.

The lady was dressed in her shroud, to rest

With her babe in the dark, cold tomb ;

And they laid on her breast the flower she loved best :

For her sake it resigned its bloom.

The faithful Rose which no longer glows,

The flower still true in death,

Its fragrance throws o'er the lady's repose,

Who in life loved its odorous breath.

But the Monk and the Nun by whom were done,
At the stilly midnight hour,
Deeds not to be breathed, to their Order bequeathed
The curse of the pale Death-flower.

The Rose laid on the bier of her lady so dear,
That turned ghostly white in her tomb,
Doth ever appear when the death-hour draws near
Monk or Nun, to fore-token the doom.

Oh ! the Rose ! the Rose ! the pale pure Rose !
That in grief sighs away her breath !
The red Rose glows where the wine-cup flows ;
But the white Rose is loyal in death.

THE OLD STORY

'Tis the old story of a woman's truth,
And a man's falsehood. She was young : and youth
Casts its own glorious light on all around ;
Lends its own melody to every sound ;
Sees what it longs to see ; dispels all fears,
And draws Hope's rainbow colours forth from tears.
She loved him with that fondly clinging trust
Which twines so closely, because twine it must,
Through chance and change : as ivy clasps the oak
With hold unloosened, though the prop be broke.

Perhaps he loved her too ; for she was fair
As Poet's vision, when the sun-lit air,
Breathing all flowery perfumes, flutters through
His leafy solitude ; and Heaven's deep blue
Is mirrored in the lovely lake, whose shore
Was never peopled with such shapes before.
Perhaps he loved her ;—through the transient space
Of his heart's leisure from the rushing race
Of worldly aspirations,—where the crown
Is his most often, who can trample down
Nature's affections with the least remorse,
When they impede Ambition's reckless course.
Man's love is but a wave upon life's sea :—
Now sparkling in the sunshine ;—soon to be
For ever lost amid the surging tide
Of mingled passions—glory, interest, pride :—
But woman's is life's sea itself, where all
The various currents of her being fall.

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Her brilliant dream was over. Years had passed,—
Long dreary years,—since she beheld him last.
She was forgotten wholly. He was great ;
A man of mark at Court and in the State ;
The People's idol and the Senate's pride ;
With skill to govern, energy to guide,
All-grasping genius, eloquence of tongue
Whose spell of harmony its magic flung
O'er listening multitudes entranced ; a name
Which filled the world, and in itself was fame.
He was a wise Philanthropist. His mind
Was full of plans to benefit mankind,
In soul and body. Thus, he once was led
To inspect the dwellings of the worse than dead
In intellect ;—where unthroned Reason sits
With torch inverted, and wild Fancy flits
Without control or purpose, while Despair
Asserts his claim to reign supremely there.

“ Preserve us, Lord ! from madness ! ” is the cry
For ever wafted to the Throne on high.
“ Chastise us as Thou wilt ;—but leave us light
To read the chastenings of Thy will aright ! ”
The prayer is natural : yet who shall say
Madness is utter misery ; nor may,
In the most dread delirium of its woe,
Bring with it less of suffering than we know
When, in the plenitude of conscious thought,
We ponder o’er some deed with ruin fraught
To those we love or to ourselves ; some crime
Inexpiable, here, throughout all time ?
Can any phantasy of madness frame
Grief like a mother’s for the guilt or shame
Of her own children ; or invent a pang
Like that inflicted by the poisoned fang
Of gnawing Disappointment, when we find
The worthlessness of what has been enshrined

In the heart's sanctuary ?—Then the dreams
Of madness are so glorious ; and the schemes
Which busy it, so sanguine of success ;
Its pictured hopes so bright and shadowless ;
Its feelings of possession so secure ;
Unclouded by the doubts which oft obscure
The bliss of sane enjoyment ! These are things
Involved in mystery ;—God's mercy flings
A veil upon them which we must not seek,
Too hastily, to lift. Perhaps our weak,
Earth-bounded vision, in some other sphere
May be allowed to penetrate what, here,
Baffled its strength. But I digress too long.
He whom I speak of passed amid a throng
Of curious maniacs, with their peering eyes
Full of inquiry but without surprise,
As is the wont of lunatics. Alone,
Unheeding all external to her own

Self-concentrated musing, as it seemed,
Sat a pale woman, from whose calm eyes streamed
A soft, sad radiance o'er her wasted face,
Like moonlight on a ruin. Not a trace
Of interest in the present ever changed
The expression of her countenance. Estranged
From all around her she remained. No gush
Of tears e'er dimmed her lucid eyes. No flush
E'er stirred her alabaster cheek and told
That blood was stirring in the heart. Still—cold
As Death's stern Angel sculptured on a tomb—
A form of beauty without beauty's bloom—
She sat apart. At length, the great man paused
To ask compassionately what had caused
That wreck of intellect. They could not tell.
Alas! *he* should have known the cause too well.
He gazed upon her long; but not a gleam
Of recollection, even as of a dream,

Across his memory flitted. Yet, of yore,
That head had rested on his shoulder.—O'er
The clustering tresses of that hair's dark mass
His hand, with loving pride, was wont to pass
Caressingly. Those eyes, which then could weep,
Had been to him the founts of many deep
And holy feelings. The warm, mantling blood
Within that cheek, of texture like the bud
Of the first-opening delicate rose of May,
Had welcomed his approach and craved his stay,
With eloquence beyond all words. He gazed,
Without a pang of conscience, in amazed
And pitying speculation, on those blank
And inexpressive features ; and there sank
No cloud—no chill—upon his heart. Those two
Had been each other's world : now, neither knew
That they had met before. Oh ! Earthly bliss !
Human Affection ! Can ye come to this ?
“ God help her ! ” tenderly he said and sighed ;
Then passed. The prayer was heard ;—that night she died.

ORNAMENTS FOR A BRIDE.

AROUND her head no jewels bind,
Symbols of pomp and pride ;
Fresh flowers, through the hair entwined,
Befit so young a bride.
No diadem shall rear its weight
Above that child-like brow,
The future may bring robes of state,
But dress her simply now.

Load her with roses whose sweet breath,
Like memories fond and pure,
Bequeaths its fragrance, after death
Still cherished to endure.
Heart's ease shall typify her lot ;
Her love by pinks be told ;
And she shall have forget-me-not,
With its true heart of gold.

Give her no pearls,—for “ Pearls are tears”—
To hang about her neck ;
No gem betokening woes or fears,
Her youthful form to deck ;
No opal with its changeful hue ;—
This is “ Misfortune's stone ;”
No sapphire, by whose depth of blue
“ Repentance ” is foreshown.

Our Bride in flowers shall be drest,

Which bode not grief or sin ;—

As best beseems a tranquil breast,

And loyal heart within.

And we will wish her Joy's best wealth ;

A life with blessings fraught ;

But chief of all, the spirit's health,

To use them as she ought.

A FAREWELL !

I never spoke the word Farewell !
But with an utterance faint and broken,
A heart-sick longing for the time,
When it no more is spoken.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

FAREWELL ! old friends, farewell !

I go to a distant shore :
Where it lies I cannot tell ;
But I go—to return no more.

Farewell ! old love, farewell !

Had'st thou but been true to me,
Bitter thoughts, which I cannot quell,
Ne'er had forced me thus from thee.

Farewell ! old haunts, farewell !

Where I wandered, in childhood's hours,
Through forest and glade and dell,
In search of the earliest flowers.

Farewell ! old times, farewell !

Too pleasant ye were to last ;
But it seems like hearing a knell,
To think ye are over and past.

Farewell ! old home, farewell !

Where I knelt by my Mother's chair,
When the Summer twilight fell,
To repeat my evening prayer.

Farewell ! old graves, farewell !

Where my kindred so long have lain,
Within sound of the village bell :
My grave is across the main.

LOVE ASLEEP.

Love, one day, was very weary
Of the world, and, with a sigh,
Said that life was dull and dreary,
And he wished that he could die.
Oh ! this Immortality
Was, he vowed, a monstrous bore !
He thanked all-gracious Jove,—but he
Would use the privilege no more !

So he laid him down to sleep
 Upon a fragrant couch of flowers ;
While some eyes, unused to weep,
 Told with tears the loveless hours ;
And some haughty bosoms heaved
 With the pangs of the forsaken ;
And some tender spirits grieved,
 Softly wishing Love would waken.

Vain it were to try to tell
 How his absence was lamented :
They may fancy it full well,
 Who have loved—and not repented.
There was doubting—there was scorning,
 While that lazy boy reposed,
From morn till night ; from night till morning ;
 But Love's sleepy ears were closed :

Till at length in Council met

The young, the fair, the fond ; whose numbers
Voted a close watch to set

Over Love's protracted slumbers.

But a question then arose,

Who fit for such a charge might be ?

All were ready to propose ;

None were willing to agree.

Some for Truth began to call ;

But she was gone to dwell above :

Constancy ;—alas ! of all,

What had she to do with Love ?

Grief, his hand-maid, long had been

Wailing by that flowery bed ;

But he heard not, and I ween

She believed the urchin dead.

Many pros and cons were passed,

While the case seemed worse and worse :

But they fixed on Hope at last ;

For she once had been Love's nurse.

Hope, who never slumbereth,

Must watch, they said, her nursling till

Time should break that sleep like death.

Is she watching o'er him still ?

A DESTINY.

To sow and not to reap ;
To earn and not to keep ;
 To render love for hate ;
To watch while others sleep ;
For woes not thine to weep ;
 Is thy appointed fate.

In rectitude of will
Life's duties to fulfil,
 Howe'er thy lot be cast ;
To do and suffer, still
Trusting in God, until
 Life's bitterness be past ;

Undauntedly to dare ;
Unflinchingly to bear ;
 Is given unto thee :
With none the task to share ;
With none to know or care
 How hard that task may be.

Brave heart which cannot sink,
Spirit which cannot shrink,
 High soul which cannot bend,
Or pause of self to think,
On death's or danger's brink,
 On, onward to the end !

THE ABERRATIONS OF POETRY.

A FABLE.

. . . . fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.

HOR.—*Ars Poetica*.

Poor Poetry was taken ill
Of a disease which does not kill,
Some time ago. She cannot die,
Howe'er her zealous friends may try
Experiments, with daring hand,
Upon her health, which to withstand
Implies the vigour and the tone
Of Immortality alone.

Still, Sickness makes one's life a bore ;
Her symptoms had appeared before ;
But with less virulence than now :
She felt, she could not tell you how,
Or state precisely what she ailed :
She only knew her strength had failed ;
Her spasms, too, were extremely bad ;
At times, they almost drove her mad :
Her pulse was much too high, she said ;
She had odd feelings in her head ;
A thousand fancies, vague and vain,
Were always rambling through her brain,
While she poured forth, like one possessed,
Strange thoughts in stranger language dressed,
Inspired, perhaps,—which *would* have vent :
Herself, she knew not what they meant.
She told her case in words like these,
At distant intervals of ease.

It soon was generally known
How invalidish she had grown ;
How much her thoughts, voice, ways, were changed ;
In fact, folks said she was deranged.
The Passions were profoundly moved
To hear how shaky she had proved ;
For she had done them service good ;—
Their friend, at utmost need, had stood ;
And by her eloquence had gained
Favours they had not else obtained.
Their dictates never men controlled,
As when from her soft lips they rolled.
She too was mistress of a spell
Their own tumultuous moods to quell ;
And her sweet voice's magic charm
Had oft withheld them all from harm.
Their sorrow then was most sincere
For one so useful and so dear ;

And though their views don't often meet,
Their harmony was now complete.
They held a conference to discuss
The mournful news, which ended thus :
They all resolved to go and see
Exactly what her state might be ;
Hoping their influence might win back
Her senses to their wonted track.
So, off they set without delay.
They might as well have staid away ;
For not one word did she appear,
Of all they kindly urged, to hear ;
But raved, as in a feverish dream,
With metaphysics for her theme.
The simple Passions, worst and best,
Are ill-instructed, and detest
All sorts of literary rant :—
Their feelings are too deep for cant.

They could not stand this jargon new :—
Awe-struck and puzzled, they withdrew.
Dame Nature too felt very sad
At hearing Poetry was mad.
She loved her well ; for she had nurst
The Heaven-born maiden from the first ;
Had fondly trained her lovely youth
To grace, simplicity, and truth ;
Had touched her heart with reverent love
Towards God and all his works above ;—
Then bade her look on this fair Earth,
Whose flowers had sprung to greet her birth.
With generous ardour she had fired
Her sense of virtue ; and inspired
The breath of sympathy :—then taught
Nobly to render noble thought.
Closely they clung together long,
Nature still prompting Poetry's song—

Reflecting each the other's heart—
Nor ever knew a wish to part
Until, alas ! in evil hour,
Flattery resolved to try his power
O'er Poetry's too facile mind.
Poor thing ! he found her well inclined
To listen to his silvery call ;
She is but female, after all !
He said that Nature was a mope ;
That *she* should look beyond *her* scope,
Extend her views, and take her aim
To bring down universal fame.
He told her, if she practised much,
She soon would find her magic touch
Could turn all metals into gold,
And hidden faculties unfold
In every object she drew nigh,
With all-investigating eye.

He swore that it was hers to wield
The wand of Science ;—plough the field
Of abstract logic ; learn the use,
And teach it, of the most abstruse
Philosophy, in every branch ;—
To be a politician stanch ;
Raised by philanthropy, to soar
Her sex's prejudices o'er,
And, for their good, unveiled to show
Much they were not supposed to know.
For men's improvement, she must strive
Against her squeamish instincts ; dive
Through darkness, and drag forth to light
Facts never meant for public sight,
And set before a wondering age,
Scenes not intended for *that* stage.
These are some items on the list
Of her new duties ; but I've missed

One half, at least. Could any brain
Such multifarious stuff contain,
And not become at last insane ?
Hers whirled at even the mere thought
Of all the work which must be wrought.
Her heart too overflowed with pride.—
So, taking Flattery for her guide,
She bade adieu ! that very day,
To Nature ; and went far away.
Her wanderings I shall not rehearse ;
They would protract too much my verse.—
How oft she failed, I will not tell ;
Her errors are known but too well.
Nature's kind heart grew very sore,
At seeing her return no more.
She yearned and languished for her still ;
And when she heard she was so ill
In body, and in mind so weak,
She said, at once, that she would seek

Her out, and try what *she* could do,
Her health and vigour to renew.
She felt quite certain of a cure,
If she could but the truant lure
To come and breathe the mountain air,
'Mid scenes she once had thought so fair ; —
The wooded lake—the flowery glen ;—
And be her early self again.
She started, though perplexed with doubts
Of the crazed maiden's whereabouts.
'Twas said she had no settled home ;
Since all her pleasure was to roam,
Now here, now there, in quest of change ;
Pursuing still some fancy strange :
'Twere vain to seek her, it was feared.
Dame Nature heard and—persevered.
I say it with extreme regret,—
I think she has not found her yet.

Thus ends my fable, and I greatly fear
'Twill find but favour slight with those who hear.
At least forgiven be the zeal of one,
Who what she cannot do would fain have done ;
And longs, in loving impotence, to see
That which she loves from imperfection free !
'Tis not for such as I, who never rhyme
Except in idleness, to kill dull time
Or hush unquiet thought ; and lack the skill
Correctly Fancy's outlines rude to fill,
To sit in judgment on the works of those
Around whose head "*High Art's*" proud halo glows :
But easier than to practise 'tis to preach ;
They oft who cannot learn, attempt to teach ;
Nor, though unqualified, can I refrain
From self-indulgence in the critic's strain.
Let me suggest then that our Modern School
Departs too widely from the ancient rule,

By which that poetry is held the best,
Where most thoughts are in fewest words expressed,
And in the well poised line is never found
Sound sacrificed to sense, or sense to sound ;
Where all is simple and to nature true ;
Concise yet lucid ; plain but graceful too ;
Remote alike from slovenly neglect
And over-anxious straining for effect.
This was the charm of those immortal lays
Which won poetic fame in other days,
When Poetry's province was to sway mankind
Through all the pure emotions of the mind ;
To tame the savage in the untaught breast ;
Good to develop ;—evil lull to rest ;
To soothe the troubled spirit into peace,
And bid its anguish for a season cease ;
To cheer the oppressed, and animate the strong
To shield the weak and innocent from wrong ;

The Patriot's zeal with added force to fire,
And teach the son to emulate the sire ;
To train all noble instincts, and refine
The human soul to sympathies divine.
Men's softened hearts a willing homage paid ;
As Goddess worshipped her,—as Queen obeyed.
Her temple is not closed even now ; but when
Shall reverent votaries throng its courts again ?
The sacred fire that on the altar shone,
Is not extinguished, though the Priests be gone,
Whose ministry erst tended its pure light,
And kept the virgin flame unquenched and bright ;
The oracle is in the fane ; though stilled
Be now the tongues whose inspiration filled
The world's far echoes, in the olden time,
With its high mandates and its truths sublime :
The image is not broken ; though effaced
The characters in earlier ages traced

Upon its pedestal ;—to be renewed
When, with the spirit of the past imbued,
Poets shall sing as Nature shall inspire,
And modern fingers sweep the ancient lyre.
Ye, the successors of that chosen line,—
The Heaven-appointed servants of the shrine,—
Respect the Genius of the place ! Beware
That no ignoble votary enter there !
Let no mean thought or aspiration vain
The glorious presence where ye stand profane !
Forget yourselves ! Think only of your song !
Forth let it gush, mellifluous and strong,
Upon the enchanted ear ;—in triumph roll
The flood of music o'er the yielding soul
Of all who, like myself, expectant wait,
In timid worship, at the temple's gate !

THE CHANGED.

I do not wish to see thee now,—
So changed, I hear, thou art :
I could not bear thine altered brow,
And still more altered heart.
Thy beauty is superb, they say ;
Thy bearing cold and high ;
And irresistible the sway
Of thine imperious eye.

Thine eye had once a loving glance ;
Thy lip in smiles was drest ;
And lightly used thy heart to dance
Within a guileless breast.
The lark is not more free from care
Than thou wert wont to be ;
No lily is more sweet and fair
Than I remember thee.

Dost *thou* remember those past hours
Of innocent delight,
When life was like a path of flowers
Untouched by storm or blight ?
They tell me now of pomp and state
Thy childhood never knew :
They tell me thou art rich and great :
Oh ! art thou happy too ?

Can the world's worship make amends
For all that it hath cost ?
Are they whom now thou callest friends
Worth those whom thou hast lost ?
A time may come when thou shalt weep,
Unpitied and in vain,
For all the love thou would'st not keep,
And some thou could'st not gain.

THE RIVAL SPIRITS.

ALL Spirits of earth and air, they say,
Are abroad on the eve of Saint John's blessed day ;
Abroad and at large, to work their will ;
Be it weal, be it woe, be it good, be it ill.

'Twas on the eve of that holy day
The Spirit of Joy went forth on her way ;
Free, free, through the moonbeams and delicate flowers,
That shrink from the gaze of the sun-lit hours.

She floated along on the evening breeze
That latest had kissed the odorous trees,
In whose balmy blossoms nestling deep
The fairies who revel in fragrance sleep.

Onward she floated ; and still as she passed,
Hopes and visions around her she cast ;
And dreams of all things glorious and fair
Shot sparkling about through the radiant air.

Onward she floated ; exulting to see,
Wherever she came, Nature's revelry :
The flowers themselves looked lovelier while
They slumbered beneath her gladdening smile.

Onward she floated ; and as she drew near,
The Spirits of Evil, of Horror, of Fear,
The Witches and Goblins, they shrieked and they fled,
At the coming of Joy, to the home of the Dead.

She was wafted on to the dwellings of men :
She had long been absent thence ; but, again,
This night, when her presence had hallowed the air,
She would fain have borne a blessing there.

The Spirit of Sorrow before her had been ;
The Spirit of Sorrow, the ruthless Queen
Of man's troubled destiny ; she whose sway
Endures from his birth till his dying day.

But Joy floated on still with that glorious look ;
And a shower of bright thoughts from her pinions she shook ;
Till Sorrow came forth in the midst of a cloud,
Which sailed through the air in the shape of a shroud.

“ Hence, intruding Spirit ! Bliss
Is not for a world like this ;—
Or but for this world's senseless things :—
The bee that roves, the bird that sings,
Thoughtless of to-morrow's doom ;
The flowers that know not why they bloom,
Nor feel that they *may* grace a tomb ;
The starry insect, gaily shining
For Nature's sport ; the ivy twining,

In wanton folly, round the oak
Marked for the woodman's speedy stroke ;
The unsuspecting lambs that play
Beneath the hand upraised to slay ;
All of earth, air, sea, or sky,
That know not they live but to die ;
All that have not learned to measure
Future pain by present pleasure ;—
These I cede, they may be thine ;
But the heart of man is mine.
Lightsome Spirit ! soar away !
What hast thou to do with clay ?
Haste thee hence, and leave to me
Labours all unmeet for thee.
'I have many a task and toil,
Which a glance from thee would spoil.
There are tears that must be shed
For the still remembered Dead :

There are sighs that must be heaved,
By the trusting and deceived,
For truth and honour fled ;
There is youth to be bereaved
Of the light that used to glow
On its bosom's altar ; woe
To be scattered far and wide
Through men's dwellings ; there is pride
To be shortened of its scope
Which would pass God's Heaven ; and hope
To be trampled to the earth
By whomsoever gave it birth :
There are vows that must be broken ;
Perjuries that must be spoken ;
Loves, by over-cherishing
Made sooner ripe for perishing,
That must now be plucked, or wrung
Whence they closest cling, and flung

Down the stream that ever floweth
To the ocean no man knoweth ;
That unfathomed, boundless sea,
Vaguely called Eternity.
There are friendships to be slighted ;
Linked souls to be disunited ;
 Benefits to be forgot ;
Favours to be ill-requited :
 For, in every human lot,
Tenfold trials such as these,—
Tenfold deeper miseries,—
Must be woven, chequered, blended,
Ere the human web be ended.
Frolicsome Spirit ! away ! away !
Earth holds no space for a holyday.”

“ Mournful Spirit ! let me linger
Yet a moment ;—but to trace
Mine own memory in the place
Once assigned me, by God’s finger,
In the heart of sinless man.
When Creation’s work began ;
When the Word-waked Chaos sprung
Into forms of life and light ;
When the universe was young,
And the still unclouded sun,
Like a giant to the fight,
Rose in majesty and might,
His glorious course to run ;
Before the wages of sin were earned ;
Before the lessons of grief were learned ;
Ere the part of strength was but to destroy—
Of weakness but to endure ;
When existence itself was a sense of joy,—
A stream flowing onward, untroubled and pure,

From a source unexhausted, divine ;—

Then, Spirit of Sorrow ! man's heart then was mine."

" Vainly dost thou think to find

Trace of thee in human mind.

Sorrow's passage hath its mark

Which remaineth long behind,

Furrowed very deep and dark ;

My course full easily is traced ;

The prints of thine are soon effaced.

Away ! away ! No Spirit of Light

To the heart or the memory of man has a right."

They parted ; Joy almost believing

Her pity had some touch of grieving

For Sorrow-subject men :

But that same night they met again,

Within a princely dwelling

Where many hearts with hope were swelling,

And thanks to Heaven were soaring,
And blessings thickly pouring
Around a new-born-boy ;
While cheery voices called for Joy.

Swiftly she swept through the yielding air :
But Sorrow, uncalled for, already was there.
Still, the musical accents of Joy sounded first ;
Gushing forth like a torrent's triumphant burst.

“ I give thee, dear baby ! I give thee a power
From the bosom of thorns to gather the flower ;
In life's bitterest cup to discover some sweetness ;
In life's wildest storms to remember their fleetness.

I give thee, fair baby ! I give thee an ear,
Amid life's jarring discords soft music to hear ;
I give thee, sweet baby ! I give thee an eye,
Amid life's store of baubles pure gems to descry.

I give thee gay hopes in thy bosom to dance,
And thence o'er life's wilderness lightly to glance,
Nor pause till they come to Love's shrine, proudly placed
On one green spot of truth in the midst of the waste.

I give thee, dear baby ! perception of good
Amid all that is evil ; a spirit imbued
With kindness and gladness : I give thee a soul
To break through the bondage of Sorrow's controul."

Thus Joy's clear tones resounded,
While kindred bosoms bounded,
And smiling lips caressed
The babe whom Joy had blessed.

But hark ! a murmuring melody is heard ;
A chilly breath the tranquil air has stirred ;
And Sorrow's slowly spreading melancholy voice
Hushes the mingled accents that would fain rejoice.

“ Mortal Infant, frail as fair !

I am here to stamp thy doom.

Shalt thou not the portion share

Of thy brethren of the Tomb ?

I am here, with gifts of mine,

Such as suit thy human birth :

I am here, to intertwine

With thy flowers the weeds of earth.

I come to dull the ear

For harmony refined :

I come, with many a tear,

The gifted eye to blind.

I come life's hopes to crush,

Ere they lead thee to Love's shrine ;

And the inspiring voice to hush,

Whose whispers are divine.

I come my rule to claim

O'er thy human heart and lot :

Infant ! Sorrow is my name ;

Mortal Babe ! forget it not !

I come to speak to thee,

Whom Joy would gently nurse,

Thine appointed destiny :

Infant Prophet ! 'tis a curse.

Born on this awful night,

When unhallowed things are bidden

To their orgies, 'tis thy right,—

Thy doom,—to fathom what is hidden.

Yes ! Prophecy is thine, poor wretch !

Thine, Futurity to know ;

Thine, the unerring sight to stretch

Through the veil of distant woe.

Secrets with perdition fraught,
To thine eye shall be revealed :
Thou shalt unlock many a thought
With blood and hatred sealed.

Thine inheritance shall be
The spirit-searching spell ;—
The power, in every place, to see
What thou must nowhere tell.

Much grief with little bliss shall mingle
In thy destiny of strife ;
Thou shalt fight, unaided, single,
The fierce battle of thy life.

With this fate do *I* endow thee,
New-born Seer ! and it is thine.
Sorrow's augur ! haste to bow thee
In allegiance ! *Thou art mine.*"

“ NOT WHAT I WISH BE GRANTED ME.”

Μή μοι γένοιθ' ἃ βούλομ', ἀλλ' ἃ συμφέρει.

Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ, καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ ἀνέγκτοις ἄμμι δίδου, τὰ δὲ δεινὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις ἀπαλέξειν κελεύει.—Quoted by PLATO, *Alcibiades* 2, Cap. 43.

NOT what I wish be granted me ;—

Unless my wish be right :

Let me receive whate'er may be

Good in my Maker's sight.

Ask me not what would be my choice,

If I could choose my lot :

I can but tell you,—I rejoice

To know that I cannot.

Our wisdom's best constructed schemes,
 Whose promise is so fair,
 May melt away like empty dreams,
 And vanish into air.
 The splendid fabric of our pride,—
 Ambition's tower of trust,—
 By unexpected tempests tried,
 May crumble into dust.

To taste of joy—we know of old—
 May be to taste of death ;
 As certain beetles, we are told,
 Die of the rose's breath*.
 The avaricious King, whose touch
 Made gold of bread and salt
 By his own wish, soon found how much
 That wish had been in fault.

* Λέγεται καὶ τοὺς καθάρους ὑπὸ τῆς τῶν ῥόδων ὀσμῆς ἀποθνήσκειν.

Then let me never have the power

My destiny to choose !

I feel I might at any hour

The privilege abuse.

To each is portioned out life's share

By an Omniscient mind,

Which sees and judges clearly, where

Man's intellect is blind.

THE YOUNG MOURNER.

Is she loitering by the fountain,
To watch its silvery showers ;
Or roaming o'er the mountain,
To greet the wakening flowers ?

Is she with the thrushes, singing
The music of the dells ;
Or with the fairies, ringing
Their merry little bells ?

Are she and they together
At play beneath the trees,
Or scrambling through the heather,
Or dancing with the breeze ?

Is she hid among the roses,
Not answering to our call,
Till the laughing light discloses
That brightest rose of all ?

Poor child ! No ! she is weeping
In the garden of the dead ;
Where one she loved lies sleeping
In a grave with flowers o'erspread.

The tearful smiles of Morning
Are sure to find her there ;
And she lingers long, adorning
The spot with pious care.

The matin of the thrushes
Is warbled o'er that mound ;
And the melody, in gushes,
Fills the silent air around.

The fairies oft attend her,
To mourn the good and brave ;
And their loving aid they lend her,
To dress his grassy grave.

WAR-SONG.

Καὶ μὲν, ὦ Μενέξενε, πολλὰ χῆρ' κινδυνεύει καλὸν εἶναι τὸ ἐν πόλέμῳ ἀποθνήσκειν.—PLATO, *Menexenos*, Cap. 2.

Vuelta, vuelta, los Franceses,
Con corazon a la lid,
Mas vale morir por buenos
Que deshonrados vivir.

Batalla de los Franceses contra los Aragoneses.—ANONYMOUS.

ON ! for the foe is close at hand :

To battle, comrades ! Haste

To conquer for your native land

Or die ;—not live disgraced.

Eternal honour to the brave

Who press the gory plain !

Contempt, confusion, to the slave

Who drags a foreign chain !

On, comrades ! Onward for the right !

 We know what eyes will weep
For us, if we are left to night
 Wrapped in the Hero's sleep.
We know what fervent prayers will track
 Our spirit's course above.
The coward has no welcome back ;—
 No word or look of love.

On ! for the foe is close at hand :

 On, comrades ! to the field !
The invader gloriously withstand
 Or fall ;—but never yield !
Remember those whose fate and fame
 And freedom rest with you :—
Then on, to conquer in God's name
 Or die as brave men do !

THE FAIR ROSALIE.

SIR BERTRAM is bound for the Holy Land,
With his trusty sword in his good right hand ;
In the sign of the Cross, like a true Christian knight,
For the sacred Sepulchre's sake to fight.

“ Adieu !” he said, “ mine own dear love !
By the stars which keep Heaven's faith above ;
By mine honour which never hath borne a stain,
I swear in my plighted troth to remain.”

The lady, she struggled sore to speak,
While the big bright drops rolled down her cheek :
Piteous it was, yet lovely, to see
How bitterly wept the fair Rosalie.

From her heaving bosom a posie she drew :
Love's red rose was there ; and Faith's violet blue,
Whose sweet breath is a promise ; and Hope's laughing
 flower,
The golden jonquil, with its joy-stirring power.

And there was the lily which perfumes the vale,
With its sheltering leaf shielding its buds pure and pale,
As a warrior his bride ; lest their delicate white
Be marred by the gaze of the sun's glowing light.

“ These flowers have been dipped in a charmed lake :
Take them and keep them for Rosalie's sake :
Guard them, Sir Knight ! yea ! guard them well !
For each of them bears the gift of a spell.

“ When one, even one, shows an aspect strange,
Deem that thy destiny nears a change :
When fragrance passes and bloom is fled
From all,—then deem thou had’st better be dead.

“ Keep them until we meet again !
If we alter not, they will live till then :
But if to our vows or thou or I
Prove false, the enchanted flowers will die.”

Sir Bertram he sped to the Holy Land,
With his trusting heart and unerring hand :
His good sword did its duty well,
As many a Paynim ghost might tell.

Like the flower whose life-source is the sun’s glorious eye,
Woman’s love, when the loved one is absent, *may* die :
Her faith, like the flower, would fain live through the night ;
But, ah ! moonbeams and memory give feeble light.

In the castle hall the wassailers all
Are revelling deep and loud :
Fair Rosalie sits in her bower, and by fits
She watches the stars from Heaven that fall :
Over the moon is passing a cloud :
She shudders and thinks of *a bride in her shroud*.

And this is the eve of *her* bridal-day !
Who is the bridegroom ? Sir Bertram ? Nay !
She has found the music of Flattery sweet ;
She has lifted Ambition's gifts from her feet ;
She has flung her treasure of Love away.

She sits in her bower,—the fair Rosalie :
Sees she, or does she but seem to see,
Gliding across her, a form too well known ?
“ Sir Bertram !” she murmurs. She is alone.

The cloud rolls on and the moon is clear.
Hears she, or does she but seem to hear,
A deep, dull whisper ;—a breathing ;—a sigh ?
'Tis but the night-wind sweeping by.

Fair Rosalie lay in her silken bed :
Weary she was ;—yet she lay awake ;
Around her floated a sense of dread ;
She felt in the presence of the Dead ;
And she strove to pray for her soul's dear sake ;
But a curse seemed in every prayer she spake.
She dared not weep ; and she could not sleep
For the chill that around her heart did creep.

She saw not—she heard not—the thing that was near ;
But it filled her eye and it filled her ear :
It touched her not for blessing or bane ;
But it curdled her blood and it scorched her brain.

She listened alone ; she heard no tone ;

But *a knowledge of words* o'er her senses passed :

She *felt* them say, “ Pray ! Rosalie, pray !

If thou darest, fervently pray—and fast—

For thy perjured soul ! This prayer is thy last !

The flowers thou did'st give have ceased to live ;

Their aspect is changed ; their fragrance is fled ;

Their altered breath has a scent of death ;

They come, a token from true heart broken ;

They come, a pledge from the faithful Dead.”

Merry bells are ringing ; glad maidens are flinging

Fresh flowers to grace the festal day :

Why comes not the bride in her beauty's pride ?

Why comes she not in her bridal array ?

A lady lies dead in a silken bed ;

That lady's face is fair to view ;

One hand is pressed on her marble breast,

And it holds a posie of ghastly hue.

There are violets wan and a rose without bloom,
And a jonquil turned pale, like a flower of the tomb :
Their breath smells of death ; they look starry and white,
Like ghost-blossoms shrinking from air and from light.

They buried the lady ; they buried the flowers ;
They could not loosen the fingers that clasped them :
Men of holy powers tried hard for hours ;
But could not unlock the small hand that grasped them.

They buried the lady with book and with bell.
Our Mother of Mercy rest her well !

Many masses were said for the fair Rosalie.
She had died unconfessed and unshriven ;
She had died in the guilt of her perjury :
Pray, pray that her sins be forgiven !

MOONLIGHT.

THE moon's light is streaming
On true lovers dreaming
 Of joys gone by ;
On young watchers deeming
That life's brilliant seeming
 Is not a lie ;

On exiles still grieving,
And long-drawn sighs heaving
 For childhood's home ;
On boyhood's brain weaving
Bright projects for leaving
 Youth's scenes—to roam ;

On anxious eyes waking
And faithful hearts breaking
 The dead beside ;
On false hearts forsaking
Devoted hearts, aching
 With love and pride.

Here, man is defiling
God's truth ;—there, beguiling
 The weak to fall :
Praying now ;—then reviling.—
The moon's light is smiling
 Calmly on all.

TOLERATION.

WE will not cavil about creeds,
Or take on us the censor's part :
We only see each other's deeds ;
But God sees every human heart.
'Tis His—not ours—all thoughts to mark
And feelings not revealed to sight :
'Tis His to pierce through motives dark,
And bring them to the test of light.

We will not labour to correct
The faults to which our neighbour's prone,
And with too lenient eye neglect
Far graver errors of our own :
We will not vex him with our fear
That his salvation is not sure.
To God—and God alone—is clear
Whose future is the most secure.

THE FAIRY OF THE LILY.

A FAIRY once lived in a lily flower,
Beneath a wide spreading tree :
No lady was ever more pleased with her bower,
Than with that tiny home was she.
She nestled there when the sun was too strong
To venture abroad by day ;
And listened entranced to a bird's cheery song,
Or a streamlet's murmuring play.

At times, close down to the bottom she crept,

To a nook which she just could fill :

And there 'tis supposed that the fairy slept ;

For she certainly lay quite still.

Anon, she would perch on the lily's brim,

And look out for some passer-by,

To come in and chat : through the air nought could skim

Without catching her sharp little eye.

To pay her a visit the bee often came,

When he was not too busy to stop ;

And sometimes he begged, without scruple or shame,

To carry away "just a drop"

Of her good golden honey ; to add to the store

(He loved picking up odds and ends)

Of his treasure at home. She thought him a bore ;

But, still, they were very good friends.

The butterfly was a more welcome guest ;—
He had so much *esprit*, she thought ;
And then, he was always so very well drest ;
As so fine a gentleman ought.
Father long-legs's merits she did not neglect ;
She admired his meagre condition ;
He put her in mind, as she said with respect,
Of an honest and starved politician.

She hated the spider's deceitful tricks,
Which were fiend-like, in her opinion ;
And would not allow him his nets to fix
Any where within her dominion.
But if she saw a green grasshopper skip,
She could never resist the whim
To go scampering down from the lily's lip,
And have a good romp with him.

As soon as her mistress, the Moon, was up,
And had lighted her silver lamp ;—
When diamonds of dew filled the eglantine's cup,
And the maiden's hair grew damp ;—
Oh ! then, she frisked forth to join the young elves,
As they frolicked, all dressed in green,
Rejoicing to have this fair world to themselves,
By slumbering mortals unseen.

There was many a prank and many a freak
In and out through the moon-lit flowers ;
Their laugh tinkled clear as they played hide and seek
Among violet tufts for hours.
Sometimes they tore open a primrose bud,
Of some secret token in quest ;
Or peered at the dark crimson spots like blood,
On the innocent cowslip's breast.

And lastly, to please their gay little king

And his queen with her delicate face,

They always joined hands and danced round in a ring ;

Which they did with peculiar grace.

But the moment the curtains of Night were undrawn,

And Aurora began to scatter

Some roses to blush on the path of the Dawn,

The fairies were off—pitter-patter.

Then our fairy, refreshed by her summer-night's play,

Returned to her lily once more ;

To while away there the long summer-day,

In the manner I mentioned before.

In truth she was spending a right merry life ;—

So joyous and social and free ;

She never had known ill-nature or strife ;

Her existence was kindness and glee.

It happened that once ere the still, sultry close
Of a day more than commonly bright,
She was taking a longer than ordinary doze,
To prepare for her revels at night.
I do not know whether her spirit was stirred
By visions which Fancy had bred ;
But I'm sure that no dream of the thing that occurred,
Ever entered her poor little head.

A lady there was, who had lost a fair child ;—
In what way, it was never quite clear :
But rare it was not, in those old times styled
“ Good,”—for children to disappear.
That lady was wont at the altar to pray
To Him who can heal all sorrow,
On the eve of her darling's festal-day ;
And it was to be the morrow.

She went out to gather fresh flowers, to dress

Our Mother of Mercy's shrine ;

And those flowers a holy priest was to bless,

In the sacred symbol's sign.

She gathered them fragrant—she gathered them fair ;—

Never ceasing the while to weep ;

And at last she gathered the lily where

The fairy lay fast asleep.

To the church those flowers, in her tears all laved,

The sorrowing lady bore ;

The fairy, who had not a soul to be saved,

Had ne'er been in a church before.

When the flowers touched the altar, a small, shrill cry

Caused the holy priest to start ;

But it brought a gush to the mother's eye,—

A thrill to the mother's heart.

She knelt down and praye before Him who died

To give life to sinners ;—and lo !

When she turned her head, there knelt at her side

The child she had lost long ago !

I need not describe—you can fancy them well—

The mother's fond transports then.

What became of the fairy I cannot tell :

She never was heard of again.

THE ORPHAN.

SHE was an orphan, almost from her birth,
Without a claim to any home on earth :
But He who notes the sparrows as they fall,
Feeds the young ravens, watches over all,
Left not this little one without a friend
Her helpless infancy to guard and tend.
They who at first for mercy's sake alone
Cherished the babe, soon loved her for her own ;
And the poor child of charity became
The household pet, with every fondling name

By kindly Manhood's—fostering Age's—tongue,
In tender accents, lavished on the young.
No chiding word e'er grated on her ear ;
No chiding look e'er drew forth sigh or tear ;
Hearts clung about her, with protecting care,
Watchful to shelter her from childhood's rare
And transient griefs ; as clustering leaves unite
To shield a flower from scorching heat and blight.
Nursed in affection's atmosphere, she grew
A beauteous being ; pure and good and true.
With fairy-fleetness as she flitted by,
The vision brightened many a tear-dimmed eye ;
The merry music of her bird-like voice,
Floating around, bade many a heart rejoice ;
Nature seemed gladdened as she skimmed along—
A thing of life and loveliness and song.
Young children paused amid their boisterous play,
To wonder whether she would pass that way ;

Old men crept forth to see if she were there,
And bid God bless what He had made so fair.
Little the orphan had to give ;—but, still,
She gave that little with such generous will—
With such bland brightening of the blushing face,—
None scanned the gift ;—all felt the giver's grace.
All loved her much ; one loved her most of all,
And left her only at his Country's call.
They parted as the young and loving part,
When first they feel that agony of heart ;
Before experience of this world of change
Makes grief familiar—and no parting strange.
News came, at length, that he had fought and died,
As heroes wish to die,—in victory's pride,—
With glory circling round his youthful head.
Could *that* console the living for the dead ?
Meekly she bowed to God's supreme decree :
“ Father ! I know this sorrow comes from Thee :

Thy will be done ! Give me but strength to bear
Thy chastening hand ! Lord ! hear thy creature's prayer !"
Weeping she prayed ; then wept herself to sleep,—
And slept to wake where Angels do not weep.
They found her dead. How kindly is the Death
That gently steals away a slumberer's breath,
Without one parting pang of doubt or fear,
Or grief at leaving those who made life dear !
No trembling pause upon the awful brink
Of the Unknown ! no wrenching of the link
That binds the spirit to its house of clay !
No night of horror ere the perfect day !
No darkened valley's shades to struggle through,
Before Heaven's glories burst upon the view !
They laid their darling, in the blighted bloom
Of life's young promise, in her quiet tomb,
Amongst their kindred dead, as if their own.
They sculptured on her monumental stone

A lily broken by a falling oak
Just riven asunder by the spoiler's stroke,
And "*Revirescent.*" Not a word of woe,
To set forth feelings words can never show ;
No record of her virtues or their grief. *It* lies
Enshrined in faithful hearts, too deep for human eyes.

THE TURRET CHAMBER.

WHAT stirring songs are sung and what wondrous tales
are told

Of the deeds of our forefathers in the merry days of
old ;

When a good knight's favourite pastime was his dinted
sword to draw ;—

When Power had but small conscience, and Necessity
no law ;

When the warder kept his watch upon the castle walls,
While wine and wassail flowed within the castle halls,
And pilgrims were made welcome, from every spot on
Earth,

To the banquet and the revelry, the music and the mirth ;

When prisoners were fettered within the donjon keep ;
And ladies were accustomed in their lonely bowers to
weep ;

When Beauty in distress was every minstrel's theme ;
And Beauty rescued gallantly was every page's dream.

Perhaps you won't believe what certainly seems strange
To us who live at present when, I own, there is a
change ;

But no old or ugly women, or inconstant ones, I ween,
In those glorious days of woman's praise, were ever to
be seen.

The men were much the same, I rather think, as now ;
They were not all good-looking and some wore a
scowling brow ;

The barons, more especially, were often hard of heart,
And disposed, when they were able, to oppress the
weaker part.

Those simple times are gone, and will never come again :
There was no march of intellect ;—no railroad rushing
then ;

No instantaneous news, by electric telegraph,
To draw forth distant weeping or provoke a far-off laugh.

It was in those old times, by great courtesy called
“good,”

When men scarcely could be quiet, supposing that they
would,

That a baron of renown and of very high degree
In a lonely castle dwelt with young lovely daughters
three.

They were lovely, one and all, and alike ; yet differing
too,

As three roses on one stalk will very often do,
In some trifling tint of beauty, though just the same
in kind ;

But each was true of heart and lily-pure in mind.

Their mother had been dead and buried many a year ;
But still they held her name and her memory very
 dear :

Their father loved them well, but he seldom was at
 home ;

Being, like most other barons, extremely given to roam.

One day, to pass the time, having nothing else to do,
They determined to explore the quaint old castle
 through :

For though they had been born there, they ne'er had
 sought to trace,

Till then, the ins and outs of that very rambling place.

There were staircases and corridors and turrets without
 end,

And galleries too intricate to discover foe or friend ;

And chambers so remote, so lonely, and so dark,

That murder might be done there—and not an eye to
 mark.

Particularly one, in a Turret, whence was heard,
At times, unearthly music, as the vassals all averred ;
But no foot of living mortal its threshold ever crossed ;
For it happened that the key of that apartment had
been lost.

There were very odd reports connected with the same ;
Affecting, not quite pleasantly, that ancient House's fame ;
For they stated that a sister had there given a sister
death,
And stifled the first heavings of a new-born infant's
breath.

'Twas said there had been jealousy between that hapless
pair ;
And that neither was quite innocent, though both were
very fair ;
That, alike, their hearts were given to a most deceitful
knight,
Who left them to dispute, while he went away to fight.

One had surely disappeared ;—'twas uncertain where
or how ;—

And a shadow, from that moment, never left the other's
brow :

But she married before long a kinsman, and became
The ancestress with him of a race of noble name.

These things had all occurred so many years ago,
That the truth of the affair 'twas impossible to know ;
And no whisper of the scandal had ever reached the ear
Of those lovely sisters three ;—so they tripped on
without fear.

Up and down they wandered, now stopping here and
there,

With footsteps full of spring and with spirits free from
care :

Now chattering like three damsels ; now singing like
three birds,

By snatches, sweet old ditties with very ancient words.

At length, as they approached a Turret Chamber's door,
They heard a sort of music they had never heard before :
And yet it seemed an echo of the strain which, as it
 chanced,
The youngest had begun to sing as that way they
 advanced.

They looked at one another much surprised, as well they
 might :

They scarcely could believe that any living wight
Was shut up there alone, and it entered not their head
That the musical inhabitant might possibly be dead.

First softly tapped the eldest sister : there was no
 reply.

A little pause—and then the second thought that she
 would try :

No sound but that strange melody !—No single answer-
 ing word !

They paused again and drew their breath : then boldly
 knocked the third.

The very moment *she* her knuckle had applied,—
Imagine their astonishment ! the door flew open wide.
They felt inclined all further search that morning to forego ;
But something forced them onward ;—though what
they did not know.

They all went in accordingly. The door made haste to
close :

And, mingled with the music, a low, soft laugh arose.
But the laughter soon subsided and then was heard no
sound,
Except that indescribably sweet strain which floated
round.

From the chamber was excluded every ray of outward
light ;

There was neither lamp nor fire nor torch to make it
bright ;

Yet 'twas full of some effulgence, which certainly looked
cold ;

But it let the sisters see that the furniture seemed old.

That was all they saw indeed ; for not a human form
Was there, to greet their eyes, or their awe-chilled
blood to warm.

But still they heard that sweet and supernatural song ;
And its words became distinct ere they had listened
long.

“ Welcome ! welcome ! sisters three !

Are ye come, at last, to me ?

Long have I been singing here,

Waiting till ye should appear :

Of my song I am full weary,

And of this old chamber dreary.

Years ago, I sang o’er sweetly,

And dressed up this bower not meetly

For the work it was to see.

Welcome ! welcome ! sisters three !

Fast draws on the fated hour

To bow the victim to my power.

There is much to expiate :—
Blighted bliss ; love turned to hate ;
Sister's kindness changed to gall ;—
Three lives would not pay for all !
Fondness feigned and murder planned,
To be wrought by kindred hand ;
Kindling being foully quenched ;
Links of full existence wrenched ;
A sinful spirit sent adrift,
To find or miss salvation's gift,
Without a warning moment's space,
To turn and supplicate God's grace ;—
There is vengeance to appease
For these wrongs and more than these ;—
The destined victim must atone
For deeds of darkness not her own.
I have now my choice of three ;
And the one I choose shall be
A pure and guilt-untainted creature ;
Yet resembling, in each feature,

The guilt-stained foundress of her line,
Whose blood I thirst for—although mine.
Sisters three ! ye hear me.—One
Shall see me too, ere I have done.
Fare ye well ! When next ye rest,
Dream of an unbidden guest !”

Again a soft, low laugh went ringing through the room,
And withal a merry hissing ; as if snakes enjoyed the
doom

Impending o’er a being unsullied by a spot.

The sisters heard the sounds ; but who made them
they saw not.

Again the door flew open wide, and then they came
away.

I scarcely can suppose they had any wish to stay ;
But, if they had, they could not ; for the “Farewell !”
of that voice

Was as a spell upon them, and left them not a choice.

They felt o'erwhelmed with terror, though they knew
not what to dread ;

Having never had before any dealings with the Dead.

But that *she* might be the victim, was each generous
sister's prayer ;

And whatever ill hung o'er them, that the others it
might spare.

Poor things ! They had no longing any further to
explore.

They found they were less happy, and no wiser than
before.

And this, as sages tell us, is apt to be the fruit

Of researches of which idle curiosity's the root.

They came down stairs less buoyantly by far than
they'd gone up :

For life's first drop of care had just fallen within their
cup ;

And uncertain horror's mists were gathering, dark and
dense,

Around their souls ; and, worst of all, the sickness of
suspense.

Their hearts were very heavy.—They went to their own
bower,

Where wont they were to while away full many a
happy hour.

That evening, close and tenderly they all together
clung ;

But not a laugh was laughed, and not a song was
sung.

And sometimes they imagined the tapers burned quite
blue ;

As, when Spirits are in company, all Christian tapers do :
Then, something like a wind kept sighing in their ear,
Or fanning their fair cheeks, as if a Ghost were near.

Fain through the live-long night would they have
watching sat ;

But Nature grew exhausted, and could not manage that.
In vain they strove their weary lids from dropping
down to keep ;

So, they went to bed, reluctantly, and soon fell fast
asleep.

I do not know exactly how long they had been there ;
Nor what the hour precisely was have I been made
aware :

But thus much I do know ;—before the morning broke,
There was light within their chamber, yet not one of
them awoke.

A pale, cold light it was ;—like that which fills a tomb,
When exhalations phosphorescent overcome its gloom.
It showed the sleeping sisters, as they lay there like
 shut flowers,
Rudely shaken into slumber by unexpected showers.

And it showed besides an outline, at first shadowy
 and dim ;
But which grew distincter presently ; so ghastly and so
 grim,
That had those damsels been awake to watch it draw-
 ing near,
I fancy they would, every one, have swooned away with
 fear.

And yet it had some beauty ; the beauty of a fiend
From every sort of human hope and human kindness
 weaned.
Its eyes were large and lustrous ; its cheeks had livid
 stains ;
And not a drop of blood seemed running in its veins.

Slowly, stealthily, it glided on, close to the eldest maid ;
And, stooping down, its bluish face not far from hers
it laid ;

But it raised its spectral head,—shook it solemnly,—
and then

It glided towards the second, and did the same again.

With a gesture of delight the Ghost or Demon passed,
Triumphant, to the bedside of the youngest and the last ;
And, as o'er those lovely features exultingly it bent,
A sound of soft, low laughter through the chamber
ringing went ;

And a strange, sweet song came thrilling upon the
maiden's ear ;—

On hers alone ; for not a note did either sister hear ;—
And when her eyes were opened, you may judge of her
surprise

At seeing fixed on hers two cruel, starry eyes.

She had no power to call out, being struck dumb by
the shock ;

And when she tried, her efforts vain the Spectre seemed
to mock ;

For it smiled a ghastly smile and showed a perfect row
Of teeth as white as ivory within lips as white as snow.

And still that soft, low laugh through all the chamber
rung ;

And still that sweet, strange melody flowed from no
human tongue.

Spell-bound the maiden listened, and much against her
will,

While her limbs grew very stiff and her blood grew
very chill.

“ I am here and thou art there ;—

Young and innocent and fair ;—

A thing on which men’s hearts might doat.

I am here ! I come to gloat

On the semblance thou dost show
Of one who wronged me long ago ;
Looking at me with soft eyes,
Just like thine, in Sister's guise ;
Singing that same song with me,
Which I heard to day from thee ;—
(I responded to it then ;
None will sing it e'er again ;)
Feigning, as a Demon might,
To keep her false ends out of sight ;
Cooing gently as a dove,
Till she stole away the love
Dearer to me than my soul.
Then came the sweetened poison-bowl
And burial down the secret stair,
Where none thought of looking. There
She left us—me and mine—to rot.
Is not our curse upon the spot !
Vengeance is at hand ! To-night
Will set our reckoning partly right.

Vengeance is restrained to thee.
Oh ! could it riot on all three !
Hast thou not been often told
Thou art like that portrait old
Of one whose beauty had no peer ?
Thou art ! and therefore am I here."

Up sprang the elder sisters, when the day was getting
high,
And called upon the youngest ;—but she gave them no
reply :
They rushed to her bedside and conjured her to awake
And tell them that she lived :—but no answer did she
make.

She never woke again ; and upon her stony ear
In vain they poured entreaties, in an agony of fear.
Like a form of purest marble, without colour—motion—
breath—
She lay in rigid beauty ; horror-stricken unto death.

And never from that time did music issue more,
Or any other sound, from the Turret Chamber's door,
To shake the nerves of young or old, of lady, lord, or
clown,—

But this might be in part because the Turret was pulled
down.

They came upon a secret stair, and at its base they found
A woman's and an infant's bones, a little under ground.
The story is a horrid one and makes my blood run cold.
I hope 'twill do the same by yours—and so my tale is
told.

TRUE NOBILITY.

No por ser hijo de un Rey
Y de un Emperador yerno
Pretendais que sois ilustre,
Si no lo son vuestros hechos.
Aquel es honrado y noble
Que tiene honrados respetos,
Que en altos pechos se crían
Los mas honrados intentos.
Porque yo sea bien nacido
No cumplo con lo que debo,
Si en los negocios de honra
Doy con obras mal ejemplo.

Romance de Don Gayfero.—ANONYMOUS.

BOAST not of thy illustrious birth,
And far descended line !
The universal mother, Earth,
Is ours as well as thine :
And when, alike, we sink to sleep
Within her tranquil breast,
Thy slumber will not be more deep
Than our ignoble rest.

Dost thou believe that noble blood
Is of a brighter hue,
Or rolls a more majestic flood,
Than meaner blood may do ;
Or that the heart from which it flows
Is lighter and more free
From human Nature's cares and woes,
Than vulgar hearts can be ?

Tell, if thou can'st, of noble deeds,
Becoming thy proud name ;
And show us that thy glory feeds
The old ancestral flame !
Thou art a traitor to thy race,
Unless thou deem that death
Is better than an hour's disgrace ;—
Honour than vital breath.

A DREAM.

*Δεινοὶ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ πάντες ἐσμέν εὐκλεεῖ
Ζῶντι φθονῆσαι, κατθανόντα δ' αἰνέσαι.*

MIMNERMUS.

I HAD a strange mysterious dream, one night :

I seemed to be within a spacious tomb

Or vault. A fitful, pale, phosphoric light

Peopled with horrid shapes the broken gloom ;

And there, in awful dignity, sat Death.

Beside him stood his brother, Time ;—those two

Who hold the balance of our human breath,

And to all mortals mete the measure due.

And Death, whose wonted task is to destroy,
Seemed now intent on some creative art.
I marvelled much what labour could employ
Those bony fingers, whose allotted part,
Even in my dream I knew was not to make,
But to mar all things made, however rare
And cunning in their workmanship ;—to break
All earthly links—all earthly webs to tear.

I gathered courage, by degrees, to draw
So near that I was able to perceive
The nature of his work ; and then I saw
That all his object was a crown to weave
Of laurel leaves with amaranth entwined ;
Like those which pious warriors sometimes vow
To patron saints, or grateful nations bind
Around a hero's fame-encircled brow.

And when completed was the task, he gave
The chaplet solemnly to Time, and said
He was to place it on the recent grave
Of one who should have honour—being dead ;
Although, in life, the meed had been denied
By Envy, ever grudging just renown
To living Worth ; whose doom is to abide
Till Death and Time award the well-earned crown.

A dream is but a mockery : yet, amid
Its ill-assorted remnants of stray thought,
Some gems of truth and wisdom may lie hid ;
By waking Reason to be found, and brought
To light and use. *Are* we not all too prone
Its due from living merit to withhold,
And yield it only when our praise's tone
Falls on an ear inanimate and cold ?

LEGEND OF A FOUNTAIN IN THRACE.

Ἐν δὲ Κύκλωψι τοῖς Θραξὶ κρηνίδιον ἐστὶν ὕδωρ ἔχον ὃ τῇ μὲν ὄψει καθαρὸν καὶ διαφανὲς καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις ὅμοιον, ὅταν δὲ πίῃ τι ζῶον ἐξ αὐτοῦ, παραχρῆμα διαφθείρεται.—ARISTOTLE.

You bid me tell you something strange,

Unusual quite, and new ;

So, for this once, to make a change,

My story shall be true.

You may believe it if you will ;

If not, you can but doubt ;

But listen patiently, until

My “ yarn ” is all spun out.

In a land famous once as Thrace,
There is a fountain, where,
At times, you may behold a face
Not yours—though wondrous fair.
You see it dimly, as in dreams
A face is seen, and while
You gaze on it, spell-bound, it seems,
In mockery, to smile.

You do not feel the least alarm ;
You never pause to think
What brings it there ; you feel a charm,
Which makes you wish to drink.
The water looks so pure, so clear
So cooling, to the eye,
Your thirsty spirit knows no fear :
You stoop—you drink—you die.

When your lips touch the draught of Death,
The air is stirred around,
As by a gently heaving breath ;
And then you hear a sound
Of laughter like a silver bell ;
And, deeper as you quaff,
More fully does the breathing swell ;
More gaily rings the laugh.

Of old, a lovely maiden dwelt
Where now that fountain flows ;
She judged of others as she felt,
And thought she had no foes.
She had good store of friends professed,
And many lovers too,
Who swore *she* made them cursed or blessed ;
As modern suitors do.

But Treachery, like a serpent, lurks
 In Friendship's garden oft ;
And Love with keen-edged weapon works
 Beneath a semblance soft.
Young ladies ! 'tis a sad mistake,
 And leads to grief and strife,
Of Love, the traitor-boy, to make
 The idol of your life.

I grieve to say this Thracian maid—
 Herself all trust and truth---
By friend and lover was betrayed,
 In her confiding youth.
The lover had a fickle heart,
 For ever on the wing ;
The friend was vain and full of art ;
 She snared the fluttering thing.

It happened all so long ago,
Perhaps you will not care
For the details ; but you must know
They were a treacherous pair.
They left that tender heart to break ;
Those radiant eyes to weep
In agony ; and, for their sake,
Despairing vigils keep.

She wept herself to death at last ;
And then a fountain rose,
O'er which a fearful spell was cast,
In memory of her woes.
Its waters have a fatal power
To kill, upon the spot,
All who drink of them, that same hour.
Few, seeing, drink them not.

And she who used to be so kind
And courteously demeaned,
Has now completely changed her mind,
And turned into a fiend.
Of yore it was her greatest joy
To serve or save a wretch ;
Now, her delight is to destroy
Whomever she can catch.

The fountain's curse will never end
Till, stooping o'er its brink,
A lover true and faithful friend,
With tranquil conscience, drink ;—
A pair with world-unspotted soul,
In love and friendship proved.—
I fear some ages still must roll,
Before the ban's removed.

BE NOT WITH JOY ELATED.

Nessun sia lieto, nessun sia mesto ;
Gioie ed affanni terminan presto.

BE not with joy elated,
Nor yet cast down by sorrow :
Both may be fated
To end to-morrow.

Dare not the hopes to cherish,
Wherewith the Earth is dowered :
Earth's hopes must perish
Ere they have flowered.

Chase not the phantom, Glory,
While high thy young heart beateth :
 Old is the story,
 How Glory fleeteth.

Be wise and take this warning :
Trust not Love's vows fair spoken,—
 Made in the morning,—
 Ere sunset broken.

Waste not existence, grieving
O'er projects without issue ;
 But set to weaving
 Some firmer tissue.

The work of life remember,
With the toys of life while playing :
 Think of December,
 While thou art Maying.

FLOWERS FOR A GRAVE.

No ! plant not roses round her tomb,
To scent, with their rich breath, the air,
And mock, with their unconscious bloom,
The broken heart that moulders there ;
Nor lilies, in their virgin pride
Of purity without a stain.—
They are not types of one who died
Of long remorse's lingering pain.

Bring hither not a single flower

Which courts the open eye of Day,
And revels in the genial power

Of Summer's life-inspiring ray.

Bring none betokening love or truth,

Or spotless faith, or cloudless lot,
Or innocence cut off in youth ;

No heart's-ease or forget-me-not.

The buds which dare not to uncloze

Their bosoms, until pitying Night
The veil of mournful Mercy throws

O'er things which tremble at the light,—
The blossoms which their fragrance spread

Through solitudes few ever brave,—
Where human footsteps seldom tread,—

These are the flowers to deck *her* grave.

PARTING SONG.

WE must part, ye dear, light-hearted friends !
To-night our long revelry ends ;
For our last merry-meeting we're met,
Friends, I think I shall never forget !
Henceforth, I shall meet with but few.
Adieu ! all whom I part from ; adieu !

I am bound for a far distant shore ;
I shall see this, I fear me, no more.—
My fortune to seek, I must go ;—
I never shall find it, I know.
I wish ye were all coming too.—
Ye are not, alas ! so, adieu !

We have loved one another, with truth,
Through the gay trusting season of youth :
Should life throw us together again,
Our hearts may be altered ere then ;
Old loves may be lost amid new ;
But—such as ye are still—adieu !

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς ἐπιτυχεῖν οὐ ῥᾶδιον.
Γυναικὶ μὴ πιστεue τὸν σαντοῦ βίον.
Εν γὰρ γυναιξὶ πίστιν οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἰδεῖν.
'Ὡς ἔστ' ἄπιστος ἡ γυναικεία φύσις !

“ That,” said the lion, “ is your version of the story : let us be the sculptors, and for one lion under the feet of a man, you shall have twenty men under the paw of a lion.”—ÆSOP'S FABLES, *The Man and the Lion*.

POETS have sung, for many a day,
That women's faith, alas ! is frail :
But, could we sing as well as they,
The world might hear a different tale ;—
A tale of women sorely tried,
Who yet the trial rose above ;
Who lived in constancy,—and died
Martyrs to unrequited love ;

Of women, by no fault estranged,
Whose hearts unkindness could not chill ;
Whom changing fortune never changed,—
Unless to make them nobler still ;
Forgetting every injury past ;
Forgiving injuries renewed ;
And clinging to the very last,
In spite of man's ingratitude ;

Of generous women, to the stake,
The block, the rack, the dungeon, led ;
Eager to suffer for the sake
Of one beloved—or in his stead ;
Of women, delicate and fair,
Who perished in their tender youth,
Rejoicing, rather than forswear
One item of God's sacred truth ;

Of women, o'er whose steadfast soul,
Patient of contumely and wrong,
The waters of affliction roll,
And leave it steadfast, still, and strong ;
Of women, who have ne'er betrayed
A trust—a secret never told ;
And whose good faith is but repaid,
As woman's ever was of old.

Had we the wisdom, wit, and skill,
To use materials such as these,
The records, doubt it not ! would fill
Whole volumes with the greatest ease.
But, as it is, ah me ! I fear
Truth will not be received as true :
While men possess the public ear,
Women will never have their due.

LEGEND OF THE RED LILY.

ALL lilies were once pure white, dear love !

All lilies were once pure white :

The Angels of Heaven, in their gardens above,

Have no flower more stainless and bright.

And of old when, on errands of mercy, sent

In some human presence to stand,

Rejoicing, on rapid wing they went,

With a lily-branch in their hand.

This lily grew once in a maiden's bower ;
And it well beseemed the place ;
For around the maid, as around the flower,
There shone a saintly grace.
And when, in prayer, at her Saviour's feet
The pious maiden knelt,
The lily gave out a fragrance more sweet ;
As if the prayer it felt.

That maiden was fair as the lily which grew,
In loveliness pure, by her side ;
Her soul was as free from the sullyng hue
Of this world's passion and pride.
She had learned to count as gain all loss
In the service of truth divine ;—
To live in hope at the foot of the Cross,
And to die in its holy sign.

They came and bade her renounce her God ;
And the blessed faith forswear,
In whose light from her childhood she had trod,
Or for instant death prepare.
Not the pause of a moment, in her choice,
Did the Christian maiden make ;
She spoke with calm eye and steady voice :
“ I will die for my Saviour's sake !”

She died. Her blood poured forth, in youth,
On the lily left a stain,
Witness to bear to her trust in the truth.
It beareth it not in vain.
So now, *this* lily's deep red, dear love !
So now *this* lily's deep red :
And Saints on Earth and Angels above
Rejoice in the martyred Dead.

SYMPATHY.

Hominis est enim affici dolore, sentire, resistere tamen, et solatia
admittere, non, solatiis non egere.—PLINY THE YOUNGER, Lib. 8, Epis. 16.

To suffer is the fate of Man,—

His doom, which has not been reversed
Since first on this world's stage began

His part, from age to age rehearsed.
As surely as the Summer leaf

By Autumn's finger is embrowned,
So surely may the tint of grief
On every human heart be found.

To be consoled is human too ;
And sympathy has power to throw
Upon affliction's mourning hue,
At least a transitory glow ;—
A fount of comfort to unseal,
Whose waters bear a soothing spell,
Alleviate what they may not heal,
And lull the woe they cannot quell.

Then, mortal ! do not thou expect
Exemption from the common lot ;
And, when thy sorrow falls, neglect
That Heaven-appointed comfort not.
Thy brother's kindness do not spurn,
As if it did thy pride some wrong.
Accept his sympathy.—Thy turn
To give it back, will come ere long.

LIFE AND DEATH.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded by a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

LIFE is a blossom trembling to the breath
Of fortune's wooing breeze or angry gust ;
Now less,—now more,—but trembling always. Death,
The tempest blast which sweeps it to the dust.

Life is a bubble rising on the breast
Of Time's for ever onward rolling sea.
Death is the wave which bears upon its crest
That froth-born bubble to Eternity.

Life is a flame—as every Poet saith—

A flickering flame—by starts now dim, now bright ;
Yet still aspiring up towards Heaven. Death,
The shower which quenches that uncertain light.

Life is a dream, whose vague imaginings keep

The soul perplexed 'twixt shifting joy and woe.
Death, an unconscious, all-absorbing sleep,
Which endeth how and where our God will show.

AN EXILE'S LAMENT.

Si muero en tierras ajenas,
Lejos de donde nací
¿ Quien habrá dolor de mí ?

¿ Quien sentirá el verme muerto,
Y tan miseramente,
En tierra tan diferente
De aquella donde nací ?
¿ Quien habrá dolor de mí ?

ANONYMOUS.

Who will grieve for me, if I die,
An outcast, in this foreign land ;
Unheeded by a kindred eye,
Untended by a kindred hand ?
This country is not like my own ;—
The very sky looks different here :—
I am a wanderer unknown ;
And who will shed for me a tear ?

And they who loved me long ago,
At home, when life was in its bloom,—
Will they feel saddened, when they know
Their distant Exile's final doom ?
Or have they filled my vacant place ?
Do other loves their hearts entwine,
And do they gaze on some new face,
As fondly as they did on mine ?

It is a dreary thing to think
That none will watch our fleeting breath ;
And that unnoticed we shall sink
Within the cold embrace of Death ;
That not a whisper of regret
Will float around our sleepless bed—
No promise never to forget
The tender past, when we are dead.

Oh ! had it but been granted me
In mine own land at least to die,
And life's last agonies to see
Reflected in some pitying eye !
All sufferers may find relief,
Except the wretch condemned to roam ;
There is a cure for every grief,
Save that of banishment from home.

LIFE'S HOLYDAY.

The present moment's all our own ;
The next who ever saw ?

MICKLE.

THE birds are singing in the trees ;
Perfumes are floating on the breeze ;
The sky is bright and blue ;
All Nature is awake ; the bees
Are gathering honey, at their ease,
From flowers refreshed by dew.

Gay butterflies are on the wing ;
Children are out and frolicking
Among the new-made hay :
See how they trip it in a ring,
Or dance before a mimic king !
Their life's one holyday.

Oh ! tell them not that it is brief ;—
That life's enjoyment is a leaf
Which trembles on the bough,—
Ere long to be plucked off by Grief !
Tell not of "Death the reaper's" sheaf !
He is not near them now.

Let them be happy while they can !
The child too soon becomes a man,
And learns his human lot ;
And strives, in agony, to scan
The aim and mystery of the ban
That intermitteth not ;

By which the destiny of Earth
Is, to give Love and Beauty birth,
As food for Sorrow :—
To-day, to wear the smiles of mirth,
And weep, in tears of blood, the dearth
Of joy to-morrow.

THE SPINNING SPECTRE.

A LOVELY lady lay asleep
Upon an antique bed ;
Her slumber, tranquil but not deep,
Just at the hour called dead,
Whilst, in young innocence, she dreamed
Of life's scarce tasted joys,
Was interrupted by what seemed
A spinning wheel's dull noise.

She heard it buzzing whirr, whirr, whirr,
As busy as a bee :
Her senses soon were all astir,
But nothing could she see.
She fell asleep again ere long ;
Her conscience was at rest,
And so she felt no dread of wrong
From any ghostly guest.

The following night once more she heard
That unseen spinning-wheel ;
But not a single uttered word,
The mystery to reveal,
Of who sat there to spin at night ;
Although she begged to know :
She happened not to have a light
The workwoman to show.

The third night, at the wonted hour,—
As twelve was on the stroke,—
(Ghosts then are said to have most power)
She suddenly awoke ;
And in a corner of the room,
By some strange radiance faint,
She saw a lady whose costume
Looked very old and quaint.

And she was spinning very fast,
With melancholy look ;
Down on her wheel her eyes were cast ;
At times, her head she shook :
She did not seem to have a choice,
Whether or not she span ;
But, spinning still, with plaintive voice,
In murmurs thus began :

“ I am weary of my spinning,
Never ending or beginning :
Full a hundred years I’ve spun,
And my work is not yet done ;
For endless spinning is my doom.
I may not rest within my tomb ;
Death has brought to me no peace ;
Toiling, toiling, without cease,
Everlastingly I spin,
As a penance for my sin.
I am weary of this spinning,
Without ending or beginning.

“ It was on a Christmas Eve,
That my wheel I would not leave,
Sitting in this corner warm,
While around me raged the storm,
To give shelter—comfort speak—
To the houseless, poor, and weak.

Like a stone, that cannot feel,
I sat on and plied my wheel,
Though I heard an infant's cry,
While his mother, wailing nigh,
Craved for mercy and relief.
Then she cursed me in her grief,
Straining her dim eyes to see,
Through the glass, my task and me ;
And she prayed that it might be
Endless through eternity.
I am weary of my spinning,
Never ending or beginning.

“ Heavy fell the curse, and chill.
My heart felt it, and stood still.
So they buried me in state ;
Mourning my untimely fate.
In my grave I may not stay ;
I must spin both night and day :—

I am weary of this spinning,
Without ending or beginning.

“ Yet one thing there is which might
Annul the curse of that dread night :
If a maiden, good and pure,
In her innocence secure
From power of fiendish spell or charm
Of the Spirits loving harm,—
With a heart devoid of dread
Alike of living and of dead,—
Full of courage, free from fear—
Knowing well that God is near—
On Christmas Eve would go, alone,
To a grave with time-worn stone,
(By a fearful token shown)
In the churchyard near at hand,
And beside it calmly stand
Till the clock struck twelve ;—then place
(Symbol of Salvation’s grace)

The Image of the Crucified,
The Sinless who for sinners died,
On the mound, and say a prayer
For the sinner buried there,
My long punishment would cease,
And my soul would rest in peace.
Christmas Eve will be to-morrow :
Wilt thou end my toil and sorrow ?—
I am weary of my spinning,
Never ending or beginning.”

The maiden sat up in her bed :
In accents soft and low,
Yet clear and resolute, she said
“ Poor Spirit ! I will go.”
Angelic music seemed to fill
The chamber, as she spoke :
She lay down then, and slept until
The wintry morning broke.

That Christmas Eve was cold and bleak ;
The snow was on the ground ;
And sweeping winds, with moan and shriek,
Went drifting it around ;
Men heaped their fires with log on log,
And spread their Christmas stores ;
No Christian would have turned a dog,
Such weather, out of doors.

The lady heeded not the storm,
But went, with steadfast will,
Her task of mercy to perform—
Her promise to fulfil :
In faith she took her lonely way,
That bleak and bitter night,
Beside the sinner's grave to pray,
In her Redeemer's sight.

The Holy Crucifix she bore,
With meek devotion pressed
Within her bare arms, folded o'er
Her calm, religious breast ;
And, through the churchyard as she came,
Her heart with pity swelled ;
For, sitting by a tomb, the same
Sad Spectre she beheld.

It did not, for an instant, stop
Its work, or lift its head ;
It never let the distaff drop ;
And not a word it said.
A blue, unnatural radiance streamed
Around it from the tomb ;
And, as it sat and span, it seemed
On fire, amidst the gloom.

The clock began to strike the hour
Of twelve :—upon the grave
She placed the Crucifix, whose power
That sinful soul might save.
The bell, forth from the House of God,
Midnight began to toll :—
She knelt down there upon the sod,
To pray for that poor soul.

And when at length her eyes she raised,
With reverence, from her prayer,
And looked around,—the Lord be praised !
The Spectre was not there.
She saw a star across the sky
Shoot past ;—the sign she blessed ;
And deemed the sinner's soul, on high,
Was summoned to its rest.

TO BE THE THING WE SEEM.

To be the thing we seem ;
To do the thing we deem
 Enjoined by duty :
To walk in faith, nor dream
Of questioning God's scheme
 Of truth and beauty :

Casting self-love aside,
Discarding human pride,
 Our hearts to measure :
In humble hope to bide
Each change in fortune's tide,
 At God's good pleasure :

To trust, although deceived ;
Tell truth, though not believed ;
Falsehood disdaining :
Patient of ills received,
To pardon when aggrieved ;
Passion restraining :

With love no wrongs can chill,
To save, unwearied still,
The weak from falling :
This is to do God's will
On Earth,—and to fulfil
Our Heavenly calling.

LOVE ABDICANT.

There is no living with him or without him.

Old Epigram.

LOVE resolved to abdicate,

Once upon a time, his throne ;

And, renouncing regal state,

Seek some wild to men unknown :

He was sick of their affairs ;—

Scorned o'er human hearts his power ;—

Ruling was a chain of cares,—

A bunch of thorns without a flower.

Then his subjects were such noodles ;
Ready ever to rebel !
Better reign o'er apes and poodles !
They would serve him twice as well.
Oh ! the selfish human race,
By all sordid passions torn !
How was Love to hold his place
In breasts so cold and hearts so worn ?

Love was very well, indeed,
While they'd nothing else to think of ;
As the savages quaffed mead
Till they'd stronger stuff to drink of.
But let Ambition's voice be heard
To the tune of place or pelf,—
Then, the thankless crew averred,
Love was but a brainless elf :

Or if the Phantom whom they name
Honour, looked their way, or Glory,
Wreathed with laurels grown by Fame,
Brandishing a sword all gory,—
Who, among them, might be trusted
To remember him one day ?
He'd go—for he was quite disgusted—
Far from human haunts away.

So the peevish little king
Orders gave, forthwith to pack
All his 'traps'; but still one thing
Kept his project somewhat back :
The question, namely, in his stead
Who upon the throne should sit ;
And the doubt what living head,
But his own, Love's crown would fit.

Truth to tell, he had a thought
Hanging, I believe, about him,
To return, when he had taught
How hard it is to do without him.
So, with excellent good sense,
He called a Council, and made known
His wish, being suddenly called thence,
To fill, *pro tempore*, the throne.

Then, ye Graces and ye Fates!
There was voting and proposing ;
While crowds of rival candidates
Kept Love's doors from ever closing.
All the Passions, in a throng,
Came, at first, their chance to try :
But some could not tarry long ;
Many merely flitted by.

'Mid those who stayed, on various pleas,
Friendship stood erect and staunch ;
But Fancy fluttered like the breeze,
Longing Love's light bark to launch :
And Pity, tearful maiden, came,
She who comforts the forsaken,
With eyes that urged her gentle claim
Of being oft for Love mistaken.

Court opinions were divided,
Nor seemed likely to agree :
Love himself was undecided ;
But he issued a decree,
Stating that whoe'er was found
To use his arrows with most skill,
With his opal circlet crowned,
Love's rose-shaded throne should fill.

So he made them set a heart,
But a mimic one, 'tis said,
As a target for each dart
By those archers to be sped.
Friendship was the first to shoot :
Ah ! he did not reach the mark ;
In the ground his shaft took root,
And shines when Love's horizon's dark.

Fancy was the next to try,
With sunny smile and waving hair ;
But she aimed so much too high,
That her shaft was lost in air.
Then came Pity ; but in vain
To bend the bow did she essay ;
She shrank from seeming to give pain,
And glided mournfully away.

Love was utterly provoked

At bungling doings such as these.

“ Here I am, for ever yoked

To my royal dignities !”

So he said ;—but yet he’s restless ;

Threatening still to go, by starts.

Youths and maidens ! think how zestless

Life will be, if Love departs !

GIFTS FROM THE DEAD.

PLANT many flowers, dear children ! where
My grave they soon will make ;
And come and gather nosegays there,
And wear them for my sake.
Your little hands with blossoms fill,
Such as I used to give ;
And be my memory with you still,
When I have ceased to live.

Come and play there, when I am gone,
And fancy I am near !
I shall be, if the Dead care on
For what in life was dear.
Kneel down together on the sod,
Before ye go ; and then,
With all your hearts, pray to our God,
That we may meet again.

THE PORTRAIT.

THERE was a rich young Englishman, who had a
splendid home ;

But whose early predilections had led him much to
roam :

His parents both had died before his childhood's close ;
And he was his own master, to do whate'er he chose.

His air was very noble, —his demeanour very bland ;
Very generous was his heart, and very liberal his
hand ;

His spirits were unequal ;—now joyous, and then sad :
He was what the world in general, perhaps, would call
half mad.

That is, he had some genius, with feelings very keen,
And a natural aversion to all things coarse or mean :
His idol was the beautiful ;—his taste was so refined,
That he seldom could discover it exactly to his mind.

He loved to be alone, and to muse upon the past,
And also to conjecture how the future might be cast ;
The present he respected less and sometimes wished
it o'er :

To him, as to most Englishmen, it often was a bore.

The chief part of his life had in Italy been spent ;
In the land where Nature's charms are with Art's
perfections blent ;
In the land to lowest purpose with the highest gifts
endowed ;
Whose beauty hangs around her like a rich embroidered
shroud.

And there he had become a deep worshipper of all
The splendours, yet unfaded, which adorn dead Free-
dom's pall ;—

The wondrous works, whose glory in that sun-lit
climate, speech

May not describe, or Fancy, in this sunless climate, reach.

It is very hard for one who has revelled, many a day,
In Art's and Nature's luxury, to tear himself away
From the scenes of their exuberance :—but my hero
heard some news,
Which called him home ;—his agent's death, or—but
I don't know whose.

In short, he felt constrained, as a matter of stern duty,
To bid adieu forthwith to the sunlight and the beauty
On which his ardent soul had fed and, greatly to his
sorrow,
To set out upon his journey towards England on the
morrow.

With a sympathising soul, that young Englishman I
pity;

And you will do so too, if you know the Eternal City,
Whose sources of enjoyment, at least, are never ending,
Where it happened, at that season, that his winter he
was spending.

Arrived in grim old England, he went down to his
estate,

In a temper much disposed to rebel against the fate
Which had given him English acres, and had cast his
dreary lot

Where by night the stars look small, and by day the
sun shines not.

He found a princely mansion, in perfect order kept;
And, being fatigued with travelling, very comfortably
slept.

When he rose and to the window went, a hasty glance
to throw

Around upon the landscape—he saw a fall of snow.

This was not very cheering to a South-bred constitution ;
He felt it quite impossible to muster resolution,
That morning, to go out ; he had no nerves for facing
The breezes which in England by the natives are
called bracing.

So he stayed at home and listened to the hailstones as
they pattered,
And the wind which whistled sadly, while his teeth in
concert chattered,
And his poor Italian greyhound, lying near him, shook
and shivered,
As if the very heart within her little body quivered.

That day he mused in solitude ; he did not try to read ;
But on Memory's varied diet allowed his thoughts to
feed :

This did not tend to reconcile him to his present case ;
And yet how many persons would have gladly filled
his place !

But a country-life in England was by no means his vocation ;

As a man of high position there he valued not his station ;

He had not the least talent, turn, or taste for legislation ;

And cared but little how, or by whom, was ruled the nation.

Then as for English field-sports, he held them in abhorrence.

No wonder !—having never seen them, but at Rome and Florence,

Where steeple-chasing, certainly, fox-hunting and fence-leaping,

Are somewhat with men's manners and the climate out of keeping.

He thought much like a friend of mine, a Roman, who
once said :

“ I never can imagine how those Englishmen are led
To risk their necks, and nothing but a fox’s tail gain
from it :

Myself, I would not do it for the long tail of a comet !”

It was fortunate, however, that his house was not devoid
Of interesting objects in the arts he most enjoyed :

There were plenty of fine pictures, and of sculptures a
good store ;

And his favourite occupation was to scan them o’er
and o’er.

One day, as rather listlessly, and with but little pleasure,
He went sauntering through the rooms, being very
much at leisure,

He came upon a door, which before he had not heeded,
And thought he’d stop and open it, ere further he
proceeded.

He did so, and he entered then a small eight sided
room,

Where he could not see distinctly, by reason of the
gloom ;

For the shutters were all closed : but he opened them
and found

That the walls were quaintly panelled with black
polished oak around.

Yet, with no view to mourning did it seem to have
been built ;

For the cornices and mouldings were most superbly
gilt ;

On the floor a costly carpet was extended soft and
bright ;

And the paintings on the ceiling might a connoisseur
delight.

The hangings were of pale green silk ; but not a single
chair,

Or ottoman, or sofa, of any sort, was there :

It seemed some former inmate of the mansion had
thought fit

To make it rather difficult in that small room to sit.

A crimson satin curtain over one compartment hung ;

And, as if unstirred for years, tenaciously it clung ;

But he drew it up at once and beheld before him
there,

The portrait of a lady, young and exquisitely fair.

In studio upon studio, in galleries untold,

He had pored o'er the great masters, both the modern
and the old ;—

And examining their works for hours had often sat ;

But he never had seen beauty to be compared with that.

And yet the type was Southern ; with those dark, rich,
 velvet eyes,
In whose depths of tender softness half concealed the
 radiance lies,
Till some passionate emotion brings it flashing forth to
 view,
As vivid as forked lightning, and sometimes as baleful
 too.

Entranced, enraptured, he gazed on ; till at last he
 almost deemed
That the magic light of love from those eyes upon him
 beamed ;
And expected that the lips of that finely chiselled
 mouth
Would open, and pour forth the sweet accents of the
 South.

And when, with much reluctance, he tore himself away,
He could think of nothing else, the remainder of that
day :

So he called up an old servant who had lived there
many a year,
In hopes of that fair portrait some particulars to hear.

The aged man at first became extremely pale ;
And then with agitation he told a fearful tale
Of how the lovely lady painted there, in former times,
All lovely as she was, had been suspected of some crimes.

She had come from foreign parts,—but he knew not
whence, he said,

As the bride of him who happened to be then the
House's head ;

And her beauty had astonished all beholders, far and
wide ;

So she thought herself it well might be her chosen
husband's pride.

But it came to pass unluckily that, after a short season,
He gave her, or she thought he did, for jealousy some
reason,

By his over kind attentions to one who filled the station,
In the family, just then, of a distant poor relation.

That young orphan, very suddenly, one evening disappeared :

She had gone into the river and had drowned herself
'twas feared :

But nought was known for certain, as she never could
be found ;

Though up and down they searched the stream for
many miles around.

Long afterwards chance brought to light what seemed
to be the bones

And apparel of a woman, lying loosely on the stones
Of a little secret staircase, which led down from a recess
In the octagon apartment where the lady used to dress.

Her husband had suspicions ; at least, his manner
changed ;

He asked her not a question, but his heart seemed quite
estranged ;

And sometimes he had been seen to writhe and shudder,
while

She looked upon him calmly with a cold peculiar smile.

He pined away in spirit and he wasted in his strength,
As if some spell were on him, until he died at length :
Some thought it was by poison ; others fancied the
dark eye

Of that beauteous foreign lady had a gift to make men die.

She died herself ere long ; and when on her death-bed,
She sent for a confessor ; or her tire-woman did, 'twas
said :

But the message came too late ; the holy man did not
arrive

In time the lady of her sins, whate'er they were, to
shrive :—

A thing much to be regretted ; for then that guilty
dame

No more might have been seen, save in her picture-
frame ;

Instead of being free, at intervals, to roam,
And doubtless with no good intent, about her English
home.

'Twas thus, with much solemnity, the aged servant told
A tale which he believed would make his master's blood
run cold.

I know not if it did ; but I know that, the next day,
To the octagon apartment again he took his way :

And he gazed upon the portrait, as if he sought to drink
Into his soul, the spirit which appeared to feel and think
In every tint and feature of the wondrous beauty there :
“ Fiend, murderess, or false woman,” he cried “ I do
not care !

“ Salvation I would risk, throughout eternity, to see
Those eyes for ever fixed with a loving look on me ;
To behold that face before me, that form still at my side ;
And, if phantom, that bright phantom to cherish as my
 bride.”

He scarcely had pronounced these awful words—the
 wretched sinner!—

When he heard the great hall-bell which summoned him
 to dinner.

Though he was not very hungry, he contrived to eat a
 little,

And his conscience interfered not with his appetite a
 tittle.

Soon afterwards, not knowing exactly what to do,
On a most luxurious sofa his languid limbs he threw :
He was always rather fond of thus taking his repose,
Were it sleeping—were it waking.—He now fell into a
 doze.

He had drawn the curtains open, and soft moonlight
through the room

Came, fantastically silvering various objects 'mid the
gloom ;

It fell upon his forehead, while tranquilly he slept ;—

He started and awoke, as if a wind had o'er him swept.

He looked up and saw a face close bent down to his own,
With a wavy veil of moonlight o'er the radiant features
thrown :

Around a stooping form his arms eagerly were pressed ;

He thought so ;—but they fell down quite empty on his
breast.

Yet still the life-like figure stood beside his couch and
stooped

Down o'er him, with a mocking laugh upon the face
which drooped ;

But he heard no sound of laughter,—and not the
lightest breath,

Except his own, was audible ;—the room was still as death.

And, from that fatal hour, where'er he went or stopped,
The phantom was beside him ; and if asleep he dropped,
He saw it bending o'er him the moment he awoke,
With noiseless mocking laugh ; but not a word it
spoke.

Now, as you may suppose, he soon bitterly repented
Of having called a ghost up, which never once relented,
Or relaxed in its attendance ; or seemed to have a
notion
Of e'er ceasing to remark his every look and motion.

To him alone 'twas visible ; no other eye perceived
The thing which seemed a part of his ;—and few would
have believed
The truth, had he revealed it :—so he bore about the
curse,
In agony and silence, while his health grew worse and
worse.

Sometimes he tried to pray ;—but he could not ;—for
that face

Always thrust itself between him and the hope of
Heavenly grace :

Yet he knew that if he prayed not, he never could be
free

From the phantom, or the demon, or whatever it
might be.

One day he told his servants that he meant to go
away,

And travel for a time ; how long he could not say :

His face was very haggard, and his eyes were very
wild,

And he looked as if he never from his birth had
laughed or smiled.

Nor since that day and hour, have they seen him any
more ;

They think he must be gone to some very distant
shore ;

And they hope that before long he will return quite
safe and well ;

But when asked where he is now, they reply they
cannot tell.

One thing, though very curious, I scarcely like to
mention,

For fear you should imagine it to be my own
invention :

'Tis that, after his departure, the curtain which had
shaded

The portrait of the lady, was drawn up—*and she had
faded !*

Yes! faded quite completely!—'Twas impossible to
trace

A line or tint or feature of that perfect form and
face ;

And down upon their knees to pray the awe-struck
people sank,

Who made the strange discovery that the canvas was
a blank.

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There is a monk in Italy who wanders to and fro :

His countenance is youthful, but his hair is white as
snow ;

His lips are always moving, and his eyes are on the
ground,

Except when, with a sudden start, he throws them
wildly round.

They say that once the Evil One had over him a power;
And, to free himself, he did a fearful penance at the
hour,

On a blessed Easter Morn, when He who died to save
The souls of sinful men arose in glory from the grave.

No one questions who he is;—but the Holy Father
knows

The secret of his sins, his temptations, and his woes;
For he gave him absolution on that blessed Easter day,
And his soul is surely saved, although his mind is gone
astray.

For they tell you he is mad—but as harmless as a dove.
Can he be that same young Englishman whose tale is
told above?

If so, let us take warning how easy 'tis to fall
Into deadly sin and pray, “*The Lord have mercy on
us all!*”

AFFECTION'S INSTINCT.

An mihi, inquam, potest quidquam esse molestum, quod tibi gratum futurum sit ?—CICERO, *De Fato*, Cap. 2.

CAN it be irksome to fulfil

A single wish of thine ?

What heart and hand may work thy will

So zealously as mine ?

No task which thou can'st ever set,

Will be my strength above :

Nay ! do not doubt it, or forget

The omnipotence of Love !

Ask the fond bird that leaves her nest,
To seek afar for food,
Whether she wearies of the quest
Which nourishes her brood.
We know that thus the bird must act,
To Nature's instinct true :
My Nature's instinct is, in fact,
Thy bidding, dear, to do.

“TURBID RUN THE WATERS”

Turbias van las aguas, madre,

Turbias van,

Mas ellas aclararán.

Refrain of an old Spanish Song.—ANONYMOUS.

“TURBID run the waters, mother!

The sky is overcast:

We must cheer up one another,

While storm and darkness last.

Soon will pass away this weather,

The waters will run clear;

And we two will watch, together,

The sunshine reappear.”

Thus spoke a child-like maiden,
Whose heart was very light ;
Her mother's heart was laden
With grief concealed from sight :
But she smiled upon her daughter,
With dimly beaming eye ;
And clear became the water,
And cloudless grew the sky.

That young maiden life's deep sorrow
Had not begun to know ;
But she tasted, on the morrow,
The bitterness of woe :
For her mother lay enshrouded,
Stretched out upon her bier ;
But the sky was all unclouded,
And the waters ran all clear.

THE BRIDAL AND THE SCAFFOLD.

I saw her, in her gorgeous beauty's pride,
Go forth triumphantly a worshipped bride :
The wreath of orange-flower was on her head ;
Roses along her path were thickly spread ;
Around her prayers and blessings filled the air ;
For she was loved as lovely,—good as fair.
He walked beside her in his glorious youth ;
His brow was stamped with genius, power, and truth ;
And the calm, noble glance of his dark eye
Bespoke the promise of a purpose high.
Onward they passed with gentle, stately grace ;
Faith in each heart, and gladness on each face.

Years rolled away ;—I saw her once again.
No light of joy was on her features then ;
No flowers to meet her buoyant step were strewed.
Upon a scaffold, hung with black, she stood
Beside her husband. He had cherished schemes,
Such as the young enthusiast patriot dreams,
When he rebels against a tyrant's laws ;
Whom, if he triumph in his country's cause,
As her Deliverer the nations hail ;
But brand his name with treason if he fail.
He had not triumphed : he was there to pay
His failure's awful penalty that day ;
And she, the angel of his happy past,
Was there to soothe his spirit to the last ;
To pour those accents on his closing ear
He loved, alike in joy and woe, to hear.
“ Let no fond fear for me thy courage shake !
God will protect me for my hero's sake.
Farewell ! farewell ! we do not part for long.
Thou hast been brave through life ; in death be strong.”

She knelt with him and prayed. The latest prayer
That either made on earth, was offered there.
She rose not from her knees. The God, in whom
She trusted through her hour of deepest gloom,
Was with her now : and ere *his* soul was sped
To worlds of peace and freedom, *hers* had fled.

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

¡ Ay Dios de mi tierra !
Saqueisme de aquí ;
¡ *Ay, que Ingalaterra*
Ya no es para mí !

¡ Ay Dios ! de la parte
La mejor del suelo,
Con la que reparte
Sus dones el Cielo,
Mira el desconsuelo
Que yo paso aquí ;
¡ *Ay, que Ingalaterra*
Ya no es para mí !

ANONYMOUS.

COSTLY gems, sparkling brightly,
Before me are spread,
But I value them lightly :
Bring flowers in their stead.

Bring them ! bring, without number,
 Bud, blossom, and bell,
All where wearied elves slumber,
 Or young fairies dwell ;

All that softly are blushing,
 Like children surprised,
Or young happy brides, flushing
 With joy undisguised ;

All that die ere to-morrow
 Can wither their bloom ;
Shunning thus coming sorrow ;
 Oh ! be this *my* doom !

Bring me all that are glowing
 Beneath the Sun's smile ;
And all such as are growing
 Where I grew erewhile.

They will seem to bear greeting,
And give me a sign,
From the kindred hearts beating
Responsive to mine.

Bring my young sister's flower,
The sweet rose of May !
How she loved our rose bower !
Are they in it to-day ?

Could I but hear them singing,
All joyous and free !
Could their voices come ringing
O'er mountain and sea !

Is my mother there, hearing,
With trembling of heart,
Their gay songs ; fondly fearing
Lest they too depart ?

But away mournful dreaming !
For is not *he* nigh,
With Italian love beaming
From his proud English eye !

More flowers art thou bringing ?
Beloved ! from thy hand,
They look fairer than springing
In mine own flower-land.

The bright Italian ! with her girlish song
Of flowers and joy ! she did not sing it long
The bright Italian ! now intensely glad
With unimagined happiness ; now sad,
In Memory's melting mood ;—her faltering voice
Struggling in vain for accents to rejoice ;
Her lustrous eyes o'erflowing with the gush
Of feelings irrepressible, which rush
From the full heart, when some awakened thought
Comes welling up, with home and childhood fraught.

How beautiful she was, that southern bride !
How rarely beautiful ! Yet beauty's pride
Touched not her gentle spirit ;—left no trace,
To mar the magic of that faultless face,
Where all was harmony and trust and truth ;
The woman's softness in the glow of youth.
How beautiful she was, as flitting wild—
In grace a nymph, in joyousness a child—
She sported with the birds among the trees,
Or seemed to float upon the wooing breeze !
How beautiful she was ! How like a flower,
Charmed into soul and sense and thought and power
To enjoy and to endure ;—to love and feel
Those inward wounds no hand but one can heal !
He who had brought her from her sunny shore,
The idol won—soon worshipped it no more.
They said he was not cruel ;—only cold.
Alas ! *that* word her tale of suffering told.
Her southern nature could not bear the breath
Of chill Indifference.—She drooped to death.

In England do not let me die !

In peace I never could depart !

This language hath no lullaby

To hush a breaking foreign heart.

Oh ! bear me to mine own dear land,

To meet the love I find not here ;

And let some tender kindred hand

My pillow smooth, and deck my bier !

Oh ! let me lay my aching head

Upon my mother's pitying breast ;

And hear around my dying bed,

My sisters singing me to rest !

And let my brothers come and tell

The sorrow-stricken all their joys !

In infancy they loved me well :

I love them still ;—the noble boys !

I am become a thing alone,
And all about me foreign seems.
’Tis long since I have kindness known,
Except in quickly passing dreams.
The very Sun here looks not bright.
Is *he* a stranger on this shore ?
Oh ! give me back a day of light
In glorious Italy, once more !

And lay me not in English earth,
Where none upon my grave would weep !
Amid the scenes that hailed my birth,—
Where I am loved,—oh ! let me sleep !
I have so striven for love in life !
But I shall soon have ceased to live.
Be still, my heart ! no more of strife !
Thy portion now is—to forgive.

What English foot would ever tread
Less heavily upon my tomb ?
What English eye would ever shed
A tear of pity for my doom ?
What English hand would duly bring
Fresh flowers to waste o'er me their breath ?
What English voice would ever sing
A dirge to wail my early death ?

Oh ! take me hence ! I cannot bear
The frowns of this cold northern sky :
Oh ! take me hence, and leave me there,
In mine own blessed land, to die !
As to behold God's light, the blind,—
As captives languish to be free,—
As saints for heaven,—so I have pined—
So pine—mine Italy ! for thee.

She died in England. Long funereal trains
Of high-born mourners followed her remains,
And laid that broken heart in form beside
The buried matrons of a race of pride.
Her latest prayer, poor child ! they heeded not ;
But laid her there in state—to be forgot.
A richly sculptured monumental stone
Was placed o'er her who longed for love alone ;
And poets strove, in solemn-sounding verse,
Her pomp of birth and beauty to rehearse ;
The simple girl's, who used to sit, for hours,
Singing sweet songs and making wreaths of flowers ;
Then dart away, exultingly and free,
In a glad spirit's luxury of glee !
She who so revelled in God's light and air,—
How can she rest in gloomy grandeur there ?
She who so yearned her weary eyes to close
On kindred bosoms,—how can she repose

'Mid stranger-dust, in that chill land where grew
The only sorrow that she ever knew ?
But what avails all this ? Her single grief
Endured not long : her life was very brief.

THE LADY OF THE LOOKING GLASSES.

THERE is a country house which stands
 Within a fair demesne :
Around it stretch old woods, broad lands,
 And fields with waving grain :
Its gardens are the owner's pride,
 For wealth of fruit and flowers ;
And strangers come from far and wide,
 To ramble there for hours.

The house itself is full of all

Which such a house should hold :
Choice pictures hang on every wall ;
Some modern and some old.
Sculptures, mosaics, carvings rare,
Scarce books of every kind,
Profusely scattered here and there,
Rejoice the eye and mind.

The furniture is gorgeous too ;

Although in perfect taste :
For lounging with inventions new
The drawing-rooms are graced :
You dance or play or sit at ease,
As quiet as a mouse :
In short, you do just what you please,
In that delightful house.

One thing alone seems somewhat strange :

In all the rooms you pass,
From top to bottom if you range,
There's not one looking-glass.
You find with luxury replete,
And comfort, every nook ;
But not a mirror do you meet,
To tell you how you look.

The lovely portraits, full of grace,

Do not for this atone :
Most people think a painted face
Less charming than their own :
So, now and then, guests, having been
Forewarned of this defect,
Have brought a pocket-glass, and seen
What they did not expect.

For, thence reflected, it is said,
They have beheld, entwined
With flowers, a skeleton's grim head,
Slightly towards them inclined.
Where one's own living head should be,
It must be not a whit
Agreeable, methinks, to see
A skull instead of it.

A little pocket-glass but shows
What pocket-glass may do :—
A large-sized mirror would disclose
A more extensive view.
En grande tenue, you'd there behold
The spectre, full-length now,
Of one who in her grave is cold,
With roses round her brow.

The flowers are natural and bright ;

The robe's of costly stuff ;

The jewels seem alive with light ;

And there is lace enough,

Of richest texture, to almost

Persuade a modern dame

To wish that she could be a ghost,

If she might wear the same.

The whole costume, though quaint, looks fresh :

But, as I said before,

A shape of bones, devoid of flesh,

Displays it ;—neither more

Than just a skeleton, nor less ;

And, if you can conceive

A skeleton in full ball-dress,

My story you'll believe.

It seems incessantly to dance
Old steps now out of date ;
You see it spring, recede, advance,
And then, with altered gait,
It glides, as if in thrilling guise
The music touched its soul ;
It certainly would roll its eyes,
If it had eyes to roll.

That skeleton was once, they say,
A maid of high degree ;
The reigning beauty of her day,
As handsome as could be.
Lovers on lovers every art
To win her favour tried ;
Love found no room within her heart,
It was so full of pride.

At length, a less unwilling ear
To one she seemed to lend ;
Confessed that he was very dear,
And called him her best friend.
He was as brave and true a knight
As ever drew a sword,
Where soldiers good defend the right,
Or sat at festal board.

She promised to become his wife ;
The wedding day was fixed ;
He loved her better than his life ;
But—(when was joy unmixed
With some ingredient of regret ?)
War called him thence.—Yet she
Declared she never would forget
Her vow his bride to be.

On his betrothed the knight bestowed

An heir-loom of his race ;

A looking-glass which never showed

Its gazing owner's face ;

But which was gifted with a power,—

I know not by what fate,—

Consulted at a certain hour,

To show its giver's state.

You may conceive her great delight

At having such a prize ;

And how she longed, all day and night,

To feast her loving eyes,

At the appointed hour, on him—

“ Her noblest, dearest, best !”

And hoped the glass would not prove dim,

When summoned to the test.

The glass proved clear as truth. Therein
 She traced him on his way
To where his prowess was to win
 Fresh laurels, day by day.
Ere long he reached the field of strife ;
 And on that gory plain,
She saw him struggle for his life ;—
 Then sink amongst the slain.

Her sorrow was extremely deep,
 As you may well suppose ;
And bitterly it made her weep
 To think that thus should close
Her plighted bridegroom's proud career :
 That day, their marriage-feast
Was to have been :—“ Would she were near
 To bury him at least !”

She knew, or thought, it was in vain
To look there any more ;
Yet could not, the next day, refrain,
Before the hour was o'er,
From one glance,—ah ! to be the last !—
She let the mirror fall,—
Startled to see him sleeping, fast
Chained to a dungeon's wall !

This spectacle gave some relief ;—
'Twas terrible, 'tis true ;—
Yet still it brought a change of grief,
With room for hoping too.
She trusted happier change to find ;
And so, for many a week,
Returned, with fond and anxious mind,
Her lover's fate to seek.

She never found the slightest change,
Save being sometimes awake :
He looked, chained in that prison strange,
As if his heart must break.
It made the lady very sad
To see him always there ;
At times, it nearly drove her mad
To witness his despair.

She knew she could give him no aid
By dwelling on his woe,
Though down her life she would have laid
For his—or fancied so.
Her friends all told her that her bloom
Was fading fast away ;
’Twould not, they urged, reverse his doom,
For her to turn to clay.

She owned this argument's full force ;

And therefore she resolved

Not to the glass to have recourse,

Till twelve months had revolved.

Albeit phlegmatic, I think that,

Myself, was rather long :—

However, she grew cheery, fat,

Rose-coloured, fresh, and strong.

She ceased so often, by degrees,

Of that poor knight to think ;

And when some others sought to please,

Forgot to frown and shrink.

In short—(such things do come about,

It cannot be denied)—

She promised, ere the year was out,

To be another's bride.

She fixed the wedding-day, again,
On which she was to bless
A most devoted suitor :—then,
She planned her wedding-dress.
Her rich dark hair she meant to crown
With roses in full flower ;
Of gold brocade she chose her gown ;
Her gems were worth a dower !

They sparkled, when she put them on,
As if they knew their place
On that fair form, and gladly shone
Their best, its charms to grace.
When the *toilette* was quite complete,
Its whole effect she tried ;
And, from her forehead to her feet,
Was fully satisfied.

Strange ! when the wedding day arrived,
The wish, so long asleep,
As with a sudden start, revived,
In the charmed glass to peep.
The knight, chained in the dungeon still—
Its floor his only bed—
No longer felt the dungeon's chill ;
For he lay stiff and dead.

The lady, though much shocked, be sure !
Soon rallied from the shock ;
And made the mirror quite secure,
Beneath a patent lock.
Then, being dressed—can you believe,
She lightly tripped down stairs,
Her guests with honour to receive,
Like one who had no cares ?

Before the altar as she stood
 With him, her chosen now,
Remembered she the brave and good,
 Who once had had her vow
To bear his image in her heart
 Down to the very tomb,
Nor from her plighted troth depart,
 Whate'er might be his doom ?

They were a very goodly pair—
 The bridegroom and his bride :—
He looked so noble—she so fair,
 Close clinging to his side :
And when at night the mirrored hall,
 To lead the dance, they gained,
She thought not of the dungeon's wall,
 Or him who there lay chained.

That hall had mirrors all around,
The lady to delight ;
For, truth to tell, she always found
Herself a pleasing sight :
And now, ere she began to dance,
On a tall glass she threw
An eager scrutinizing glance,
As she was wont to do.

Young ladies who are perjured should
Reflection's power eschew :
It seldom does them any good,
By showing what is true.
With eyes dilated wide, she stared ;—
For, in the bridegroom's stead,
She saw, to take her hand prepared,
The lover who was dead.

She could not stir,—she could not speak,—

Though very hard she tried :

At last, she gave a horrid shriek,—

And then fell down and died.

This happened in that mansion fair ;

And, ever since that time,

She haunts all looking-glasses there,

In memory of her crime.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE are the flowers
We loved to gather,
In our bright hours
Of summer weather ?
Where are the birds
That warbled near us ?
Where are the words
That used to cheer us ?

Where are the smiles,
Whose memory pleasant
Of gloom beguiles
The smileless present ?
The hearts so true
That yearned to meet us,
And never grew
Less warm to greet us ?

Where is the song,
Now breathing sadness ;
And then, ere long,
Replete with gladness ?
Where is the sound
Of clear young voices
Ringing around,
Till Echo rejoices ?

Where are the eyes,
In whose kindly glances
A magic lies,
Which all joy enhances ?
Where is the home
Of our youthful dreaming ?
How could we roam,
While its light was beaming ?

The flowers are dead ;
The birds have perished ;
All things have fled,
Which once we cherished.
The words of love,
So fondly spoken,
Are heard above,
Where no faith is broken.

The smiles whose play
In memory lingers,
Are swept away
By Death's cold fingers :
The hearts are stilled
By Sorrow's hushing ;
They soon were chilled ;
They bore not crushing.

All—all—are gone !
The eyes, whose kindness
So blandly shone,
Are wept to blindness.
All—all is dearth !
The light has vanished ;
The sounds of mirth
Have long been banished.

FLOWERS AND PEARLS.

A chi fiori, a chi perle.

THE coronal of pearls for thee,

The stately and the fair !

The simple wreath of flowers for me,

To twine amid my hair !

No pearl is whiter than thy brow,

Or purer than thy heart :

Here, sister ! take the pearls ; for thou

The pearl of maidens art.

And thou shalt be a gentle queen,
All dignity and grace ;
The part will well beseem thy mien,
And thoughtful, noble face.
And I will be thy favourite slave,
To lay me at thy feet ;
And, of the beautiful and brave,
Sing ditties old and sweet :

How, while a gallant Christian knight
Was gone, his sword to steep
In Paynim blood, his ladye bright
Remained at home to weep ;
And when, at last, the knight returned,
Upon a summer's day,
His castle to the ground was burned ;—
His ladye was away :

Or how a page, who went and came

At some proud baron's call,

Was found to be a beauteous dame,

And not a page at all :

Or how a lover bold made good

His entrance, in disguise,

To where his mistress sat or stood,—

Who knew him by his eyes :

Or how the daughter of a king

Loved a young troubadour,

And, when she heard him play and sing,

Or saw him smile, felt sure

She could prefer the open air

With him to royal bowers :—

So—Sister ! thou the pearls shalt wear,

And I will wear the flowers.

There is a picture of those two fair girls,
One with her flowers, the other with her pearls,
And both so beautiful !—but different. Mirth,
Ready to sport with all the things of Earth,
Which shrink not from the light and tender play
Of a young fancy, innocent as gay,
Smiles round one sister's mouth and in her eyes,
Where yet a fountain of deep feeling lies,
Which, with the gathering cares and griefs of years,
It seems must gush too surely forth in tears.
The other countenance is calmer ; fraught
With power of steadfast purpose and high thought,
And with a spirit that hath never bowed
To one mean foible ;—lofty but not proud :
Yet reigns such saintly sweetness through the whole,
You feel that Heaven alone can claim the soul
Which beams out thence, and deem that Angels trace,
Reflected there, their own Angelic grace.

'Tis long since they were painted thus ; and long
Since that glad maiden filled her home with song,
Or wiled away the happy, sparkling hours
In talk as bright and sweet as gems and flowers.
How either sister's lot in life was cast,
Is now a dream of the oblivious Past,
Which rarely gives its visions to the ken
Of Present-worshipping, Time-serving men.
They say that mirthful heart to one had clung,
Who broke it : so she died of sorrow, young ;
And the fair corpse and virgin bier were drest
With all the flowers which she had loved the best ;
Meet emblems of her flower-like life and doom,
Budding in hope—to be cut off in bloom !

But she who, when young Life was on the wing
A thousand pleasures o'er her path to fling,
Set her affections not on Earthly joys,
But on the treasure which no grief destroys,

Had garnered up her trust, her faith, her love,
Safe from corruption, in that world above,
Where hearts shall break not, flowers shall never fade ;
And of her coronal a rosary made.

THE RANSOM
OF
BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

THERE was a Knight of world-wide fame ;
A Breton bold by birth ;
Bertrand Du Guesclin was his name,
Renowned throughout the Earth.
The hero of unnumbered fights,—
His arm was strong and sure,
And ever raised to guard the rights
Of all the weak and poor.

To Spain the bands of France he led,
King Henry's part to take ;
And helms were cleft and blood was shed,
A tyrant's yoke to break ;—
The cruel Pedro's galling yoke,
Which forced Castile to groan
For trampled hearts and spirits broke
Around his ruthless throne.

It was a woeful day for Spain,
Which saw Du Guesclin wield
His sword, for the first time, in vain,
Upon Najera's field.
A grievous thing it was for France,
To see her Hero fail ;
And bitterly that evil chance
Did Brittany bewail.

England's Black Prince performed but ill

A noble conqueror's part :

Amid a dungeon's gloom and chill

To chafe away his heart,

The flower of chivalry he left,

Unnoticed and alone ;

Of every courtesy bereft,

By generous victors shown :

Till at the banquet once a word,

Dropped by some daring guest,

On honour's laws, compunction stirred

Within his royal breast :

Then conscience-stricken, straight he sent

To fetch the captive Knight ;

But to unseemly mirth gave vent,

When he beheld his plight.

Du Guesclin spoke, severely sad,—

Though captive, fearless still,—

And said : “ To see me better clad,

Depends upon thy will :

My company of late, has been

But rats and mice ;—’tis long

Since human faces I have seen,

Or heard a bird’s glad song.”

“ Well !” quoth the prince, “ Thou shalt go free ;

Thy prison life is o’er,

If only thou wilt promise me,

To fight for France no more ;

Nor yet for Henry the base-born.”

“ In prison I will die,

Rather than live at large, the scorn

Of every loyal eye.”

His bearing touched the prince, at length,

With keen though late remorse ;

He felt that soul's unvanquished strength,

And yielded to its force.

“ Without condition thou shalt go,

Save that one always laid

On captive Knights, as thou dost know,—

That ransom meet be paid.”

“ Then send me forth on trust, nor fear

Lest I bring not the gold ;

The sum in hand, I shall be here

Ere many weeks be told.”

“ Thy word I know that thou wilt keep,

Like good Knight, as thou art ;

Compared with honour, holding cheap

All wealth ; and so depart !”

“ Name thou the sum !” he said again,

“ I grant thee yet that grace.”

“ At sixty thousand florins, then,

My ransom I will place.”

“ Sir Knight ! To offer such a sum,

Is mockery, by my fay !

There’s not a knight in Christendom,

That ransom who could pay.”

“ The Kings of France and of Castile,

Are true in heart and deed :

I’ve served them both with honest zeal :

They’ll help me in my need.

A hundred Knights I know full well,

In Brittany that be,

Who every rood of ground would sell,

To set Du Guesclin free.

“ There’s not a woman who can spin
A distaff-full of thread,
Within the realm of France, and win,
By toil, her daily bread,
Who would not labour with her hands,
To rescue me from thine :
I have not gold ;—I have not lands ;—
But wealth like this is mine !”

So forth he sped, his honour’s claim
On France’s love to cast :
And flocking out the people came,
To see him as he passed.
They came to look upon the Knight,
Who had a sense so just
Of his own worth ; and knew he might
His King and Country trust.

CHILDHOOD.

WHEN Nature, awaked from her winter's sleep,
In her summer garb is drest ;
And field and garden a holyday keep,
Arrayed in their brightest and best ;
The rose, of all flowers which the garden grace,
Is the loveliest flower that grows ;
But a beautiful child's untroubled face
Is a lovelier flower than the rose.

When we sit in the shade of some spreading tree,
Where the mid-day glare enters not,
And think of the loved whom we fain would see,
Or muse on—we know not what !
Very sweet is the song of the wood-birds wild,
As it comes with a gushing thrill ;
But the merry laugh of a joyous child,
In its glee, is sweeter still.

On the rippling waves the sunlight plays,
Like a sportive thing alive ;
And with the water the quivering rays,
In mockery, seem to strive.
Bright are the sunbeams, as gaily they dance,
Darting down from the clear blue sky ;
But brighter by far is the fearless glance
Of a child's unclouded eye.

SUBMISSION.

Πάμπαν δ' ἀθανάτων ἀφανὴς νόος ἀνθρώποισι.

SOLON.

SEEK not to penetrate, oh, man !

Thy God's inscrutable design :

'Tis His thy destiny to plan :—

To bow to His decree is thine.

Accept, unquestioning, the doom

Thou can'st not change, whate'er it be ;

Or joy or sorrow ;—nor presume

To search for what thou must not see.

Art thou afflicted ? Bear thy grief

With faith unswerving, courage firm :

Thou can'st not make an hour more brief

Thy suffering's appointed term.

Thy soul with mysteries do not vex,

Which human Reason cannot clear ;

Do not thy intellect perplex ;—

Thy doubts will not be answered here.

Through Nature's overhanging mist,

Thine eye would strive to pierce in vain ;

Shall He who caused thee to exist,

Thy being's how and why explain ?

It is enough for thee to know,

'Mid fluctuating good and ill,

That happiness succeeds to woe,

As calm to tempest, at His will.

THE MAIDEN'S THOUGHTS UPON WAR.

THE warrior goes forth in gladness,
Renown to reap :
The maiden remains in sadness,
At home, to weep.

He thinks of the soldier's glory
In death or life :
She thinks of the field—the gory
Field wild with strife.

She thinks of the slaughtered, lying
On that red plain ;
And the wounded who are dying
Amongst the slain.

She thinks of the widowed mother,

Whose son is there,—

The sister, whose only brother

Needs now no prayer ;

Of the young bride, left to languish

Alone, in tears,—

The betrothed, whose parting anguish

May last for years ;

Of the motherless, still yearning

To see the brave,

Loving father, who is earning

A distant grave.

She thinks of the battle's morrow,

When tears are shed,

That forestall a Nation's sorrow

For Heroes dead.

She thinks of the captured city,

Whose houseless bands

Go to seek a home and pity

In foreign lands ;

Of the aspect of Creation,

In peace so fair ;

And the hideous Desolation

Now brooding there.

She thinks of Nature's beauty

In bright, calm joy ;

And asks : " Can it be man's duty

God's works to destroy ? "

Thus she ponders o'er men's madness,

With heart that bleeds ;

While she stays at home in sadness,

To mourn men's deeds.

OLD FRIENDS.

COME ! clear that cloudy weather,

Old comrade, from thy brow !

We have lived in love together

Too long to quarrel now.

Life's battle, side by side,

From boyhood, we have fought ;

And shared whate'er the tide

Of fickle Fortune brought.

Together we have striven
To win the smiles of Fame ;
And prized the guerdon given,
Because to both it came.
We have passed through perils strange,
Linked close by hopes and fears ;
And shall a moment change
The constancy of years ?

As brother's unto brother,
Our hearts have fondly clung,
Still trusting one another,
The doubting herd among.
Oh ! what is human truth,
If ours was but a dream,
A phantasy of youth,
A sparkle on life's stream ?

Beside the loved and dying,
 Together we have knelt
In grief's communion, trying
 To master what we felt :
Together we have soothed
 The pangs of parting breath ;
Together we have smoothed
 The rugged path of Death.

We have been so used to mingle
 Our feelings at their source,
That either current, single,
 Would stagnate in its course.
The same as long ago,
 Our sympathies, old friend,
United still must flow,
 Till thought and memory end !

A DIRGE.

THE passing bell
Is tolling to tell
That her spirit is on its way
To a home of love,
In some region above,
Where shines an eternal day.

Her lot on Earth
Was cast 'midst a dearth
Of all that makes Earthly bliss :
Her soul's wings are unfurled
To seek, in *that* world,
What she never found in *this*.

Her portion, here,
Was trouble and fear,
And a restless sense of woe :
She will soon be where
Neither Sorrow nor Care
His aspect stern may show.

'Tis over ! She's gone !
Scatter flowers upon
The poor corpse's painless bed !
Free from suffering to live,
Since we could not give,
At least, let us honour the dead !

COUNT NOT ON TO-MORROW.

*Ἀνθρώπος ἐὼν, μήποτε φήσῃς ὅτι γίνεται
Ἀῦριον, μήτ' ἄνδρα ἰδὼν ἔλβιον ὅσσον χρόνον ἔσσεται.
Ὡκεῖα γὰρ οὐδὲ τανυπτερύγου μνίας
Οὔτως ἂ μετύστασις.*

SIMONIDES.

Ἀνθρωπὸς ἐστὶ πνεῦμα καὶ σκιὰ μόνον.

THOU mortal ! count not on to-morrow,
Whose light thou mayest not see ;
Or which may bring thee nought but sorrow,
If living still thou be.
Human existence is a bubble,
A shadow, or a breath :
Its only certainty is trouble ;
Its only refuge—Death.

And should'st thou find, in outward seeming,
 A man supremely blest ;
And see upon his features beaming
 The sunshine of his breast ;
Deem that his brow will soon be clouded
 By grief and doubt and care ;
And his fair prospects be enshrouded
 In darkness and despair.

The term of joy is quickly ended ;
 Sorrow's may be less brief :
The insect, with its wings extended
 To flit from leaf to leaf,
Is not so rapid in its darting
 Through summer's flowery show,
As human gladness in departing,
 And giving place to woe.

WEEP NOT !

Enjuga, Filis, los ojos,
Que el tiempo podra curar
Lo que no tu con llorar.
No hay peligro tan ligero
Que con llorar se asegure, |
Ni mal que el tiempo no cure,
Por desvariado y fiero ;
El reparo verdadero
El tiempo te lo ha de dar,
Que no, Filis el llorar.

LUIS GALVEZ DE MONTALTO.

WEEP not ! In vain thy tears thus wildly flow ;
No tears can ever wash away thy grief :
Trust to old Father Time to soothe thy woe—
Of this world's kindly comforters the chief.
He hath a charm the raging storm to calm ;
Nor winds nor waves his magic may withstand :
For wounded hearts he hath a healing balm,
And pours it gently forth with tender hand.

Restrain thy tears ! In agony to weep,
From suffering will not purchase thy release :
Time, only Time, can lull thy cares to sleep,
And give to thy distracted spirit peace.
Cease then to weep, and see what Time will do !
For hast thou not, dear lady, heard it said—
And dost thou not believe the saying true—
That Sorrow ever upon tears is fed ?

THE THRONE AND THE BIER.

Feretri e Troni avvicendati, ecco il mondo, ecco la vita.

THAT young King wore this morning
A crown upon his brow ;
Death's violets are adorning
His pallid forehead now :
His Courtiers were inventing
New pomps to grace his state ;
His People are lamenting
His unexpected fate.

Another has ascended
That youth's forsaken throne :
Thousands of cries have blended
His name into one tone ;
Thousands of tongues are citing
Old stories in his praise ;
Thousands of souls uniting
To wish him length of days.

Glad multitudes, assembling,
With shouts the breezes fill ;
A Nation's hopes are trembling
Upon his future will ;
Waked echoes are resounding
With auguries of good ;
His subjects' hearts are bounding,
As hearts of subjects should.

How lately they were grieving
For one as good and just,
Whom Earth is now receiving,
To mingle with her dust !
A throne to-day, a bier to-morrow,
This is the lot of Kings ;
Constant exchange of joy for sorrow,
The course of human things.

A CHARACTER.

HE was a man as brave and wise and good
As ever drew a loyal sword, or stood,
The champion of his country and his kind,
Where statesmen plead, and mind encounters mind.
He had the gift to set all hearts at ease :
The little children, gathering round his knees,
Looked up with trusting fondness to those eyes,
Whence beamed a spirit prompt to sympathize
With every childish woe and wish and joy :
At boyhood's call he was himself a boy ;

With all the eager, generous thoughts that gush
From happy boyhood's fount of hope, and rush
In light-reflecting, full, impetuous tide,
Through life's imagined fields of hope and pride.
The sunny temper his, the spotless truth,
That gild all ages with the glow of youth ;
His the clear sense, the ready tongue and bold,
That win a hearing from the sage and old ;
His the persuasive eloquence whose charm
Envy can soothe and Enmity disarm ;
The virtue his all virtue's grace to feel,
And borrow ardour from another's zeal.
His was the Charity that takes a part
In every pang of every breaking heart,
And, when its aid is vain to give relief,
Mingles its sorrow with the sufferer's grief.
His was aspiring Genius, plumed to soar
Above Earth's trammels ; yet returning more

Bound by Earth's sympathies, from every flight
Beyond the common scope of Earthly sight ;
As if it rose, on Heaven-directed wing,
To Fancy's glorious regions, but to bring
From brighter worlds, to mortal ken unknown,
Divinely radiant visions to its own.

THE FRUITLESS QUEST.

Buscando el amor primero
Que no se olvida jamas.

BERNARDO DE LA VEGA.

Oh ! she is gone to seek
For what she will not find ;
If simply I may speak,
And openly, my mind :
For she is gone to look—
At least, she told us so—
For the Love that she forsook,
So very long ago.

She fain would gather up
The fragments of the past,
Though shattered be the cup
Which from her, then, she cast :
She scarcely can expect
To find Love cherished still,
In the heart which her neglect
So cruelly did chill.

And yet, they say, first Love
Ne'er quits the human breast ;
But sleeps there, like a dove
Spell-bound within her nest,
While Memory watches o'er
The numb and torpid form,
Which used to be, of yore,
So animate and warm.

.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

COME ! let us only laugh to-day ;
And weep, if weep we must, to-morrow ;
Snatch the bright present while we may,
And give the future up to sorrow.
This hour, at least, is thine and mine,—
A still unalienated treasure ;
We'll vow it at Enjoyment's shrine,
And dedicate the gift to Pleasure.

What though a thickening gloom enshrouds

The sky, foreboding stormy weather ?

The sun breaks always through the clouds,

When merry hearts are met together.

The sages say, and it is true,

This world is over full of sadness :

The fault's not ours ;—and so we two,

To-day, will think of nought but gladness..

COLD WORDS.

COLD words have been spoken,
The soft spell is broken
Which swayed my heart :
Thy beauty remaineth,—
But now it enchaineth
Me not.—We part.

Thy sun shines so brightly
To-day, that too lightly
Thy pride takes wing :
A darker to-morrow
Some deep shade of sorrow
O'er thee may fling.

Then while thou art keeping
Lone vigils and weeping,
 Thou'lt think of me,—
And murmur endearing
Old names.—Out of hearing
 Far, I shall be.

GLORY BEFORE WEALTH.

Καλῶς ἀκούειν μᾶλλον ἢ πλουτεῖν θέλει.

I SAY not wealth should be despised,

As we are often told :

I say that Glory should be prized,

As worth far more than gold.

Little our wealth may be, or much,

As Fortune's die is thrown ;

Our Glory she can never touch :—

That treasure is our own.

Not all the heaps of golden store
A man can save or gain,
Will ever make a wound less sore,
Or mitigate a pain :
But Glory hath a soothing charm,
To calm the struggling breath,—
Disease of anguish to disarm,
And take its sting from Death.

Riches will often eat and burn
The very heart away ;
Or, like the wizard's money, turn
To leaves, and fly away :
But Glory's lustre shall endure
While Ages onward roll ;
Awakening noble thoughts, and pure,
In every kindred soul.

Should happy chance, and not unjust,
Increase thy wealth's amount,
Remember that it is a trust,
For which thou must account.
In Virtue's cause thy riches use,
As prompts the inward voice ;
But if thou hast the power to choose,
Let Glory be thy choice.

“ WHERE MAY NOT LOVE BE FOUND ? ”

Über ist in allen Ecken.

KARL KÖCHY.

WHERE may not Love be found ?
Go search the world around,
And mark the spot
Where Love is not !

Go to the battle-field,
Where faith with blood is sealed,
And heroes fall
At Honour's call ;—

See the young soldier clasp
Within his dying grasp,
Convulsed and tight,
Some token slight,

Memorial of the past :—
That memory is the last
Which fills his prayer.
Is not Love there ?

Beside the sleepless bed,
Whence Health and Hope have fled,
For good or ill,
Love lingers still.

Amongst the rich and great,
Unawed by pomp and state,
Laughing he showers
Bright, odorous flowers.

He does not shun the poor :
He lights their lot obscure,—
 Their home endears,—
 Their labour cheers.

While there's a human soul
To feel from pole to pole,
 Love will remain
 On Earth,— and reign.

TRUTH-TELLING.

· . . . ἀληθείη δὲ παρέστω
Σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ, πάντων χρῆμα δικαιοτάτον.

MIMNERMUS.

“ LET there be truth between us two,
Though false be all the world beside !
If ever woman’s words were true,
Be yours so now ! (a lover cried)
I know that, at your beauty’s shrine,
A thousand tales of love are told,
And vows are paid,—worth more than mine
May be, perhaps ;—at least, in gold.

“ Give me, at once, despair or hope !
I *will* not with suspense be cursed :
With certain misery I can cope,
And challenge Fate to do her worst.
Then let me hear the very truth,
Out spoken from your heart’s deep core,
Without reserve, remorse, or ruth ;—
Although it bid us meet no more !”

In half defiant attitude,
With quivering lip and flashing eye,
The haughty youth impatient stood,
Waiting to hear the maid’s reply.
He waited long ;—she did not speak ;
But to her brow the pure blood rushed,
And mantled richly o’er her cheek.
Was it for love or pride she blushed ?

At last, she said, with accents grave,
And countenance almost severe :
“ I know man never yet forgave
A truth he was not pleased to hear ;
But, since you thus insist, the whole,
Unvarnished truth I e'en will tell :
(A smile across her features stole)
The truth then is—I love you well.”

FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHREIBER.

THROUGH the Winter's storms we slumbered
On our mother's quiet breast ;
Friendly little sprites, unnumbered,
Called us forth, at Spring's behest.

Streams are murmuring ; streams are bringing
Life, whose freshness through us flows ;
Birds awake us with their singing ;
Breezes rock us to repose.

Hundred-coloured, our adorning,
Without toil, our mother weaves ;
And she makes pure dews of morning
Bridal gems, to deck our leaves.

Sweetest odours, lightly waving,
Through the glad air scatter we ;
Youthful myriads are laving,
Ever, in that fragrant sea.

When rude Winter threats to rend us,
To our mother we'll retreat ;
When his storms are passed, she'll send us
Out, the festive Spring to greet.

OLD GERMAN GRAVE-SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHREIBER.

He hath fallen full of glory ;
Give him in the grave his shield !
From their cloudy dwelling hoary,
Now his Fathers see this field.

In the coffin ye are closing,
Lay his sword, blood-satisfied ;
He can never know reposing,
If it be not by his side.

Round his tomb, unfelled, unbroken,
Let a young oak-forest stand :
When he wakes, 'twill be a token
That he lies in German land.

TRANSLATION OF AN OLD GERMAN SONG.

"Ich kam vom Berge herüber."

I CAME from afar o'er the mountain ;
The old house was standing there still ;
From the lattice that looks on the fountain,
As of yore, my love gazed towards the hill.

A new lover, alas ! she has taken ;
In the field and the fight I was then :
All is changed now, and I am forsaken :
I wish there was fighting again !

High on the old oak tree I bounded ;

The forests, they murmured so light !

My horn,—oh ! how mournful it sounded,

Like a voice in a dream, all that night !

When the birds sang at dawn, broken-hearted,

My love, she was weeping full sore :

Like a thought of the past, I departed ;—

She sees me again never more.

GIPSY SONGS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF VÖGEL.

THE howling wind sweepeth the heathy plain o'er ;
The glimmering stars shine in the heavens no more ;
One watch-fire still gleams in the desert alone ;
Beside it we sit on a moss-covered stone.

Unshrinking, we bare to the tempest our breast ;
It damps not our mirth and it mars not our rest :
We cower or we sit or we stretch us along,
To the merry guitar—to the glad-ringing song.

We are here—we are there—ever roaming around ;
A stone is our pillow ;—our couch is the ground ;
The stars are our guides ;—heaven's vault is our shield ;
And a trusty right arm is the weapon we wield.

We sue not—we toil not—for gear or for gold :
The world is before us—to have and to hold :
We brook not to tarry where men's dwellings be ;
To the desert we hasten—and feel ourselves free.

SLEEP well, my comrade ! sleep well in the stranger-
land !

We bury thee, just where thou died'st,—all loosely in
the sand.

Now go we hence ; but, whither, to only Fate is known ;
And we leave thee here, behind us, in thy desert-grave
alone.

No mound may mark the place, upon this barren plain,
Where thy lonely rest thou takest, after all thy weary
 pain ;

And careless, o'er thy grave,—because he even must,
The traveller will pass—and trample on thy dust.

No tear-dewed face, henceforth, shall o'er this spot be
 bowed,

Unless the moon look down upon it from a watery cloud :
No voice shall ever utter here another wailing sound,
Unless a hungry night-wolf should come and howl
 around.

Ἀγετ', ὦ Σπάρτας εὐάνδρου
Κοῦροι, πατέρων πολιῆται,
Λαίῃ μὲν ἔτυν προβάλεσθε,
Δόρυ εὐτόλμως βάλλοντες,
Μὴ φειδόμενοι τᾶς ζωᾶς·
Οὐ γὰρ πάτριον τῇ Σπάρτᾳ.

TYRTÆUS.

(TRANSLATION.)

ON ! youths of Sparta's glorious race ;
Co-citizens of valiant sires !
On ! on ! and shield your native place,
And hurl, with arm that never tires,
The well-aimed spear ! Life do not spare !
Life never yet was Sparta's care.

Ουδεν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρήμ' ἔμπεδον αἰεὶ.

Ἦν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χῖος ἔειπεν ἀνὴρ·

“ Οἷηπερ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.”

Παῦροί μιν θνητῶν οὔασι δεξάμενοι

Στέρνοις ἐγκατέθεντο. Πάρεστι γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐκάστω,

Ἀνδρῶν ἥτε νέων στήθεσιν ἐμφύεται.

Θνητῶν δ' ὄφρα τις ἄνθος ἔχει πολυήρατον ἥβης,

Κοῦφον ἔχων θυμὸν, πόλλ' ἀτέλεστα νοεῖ.

Οὔτε γὰρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχει γηρασσέμεν, οὔτε θανεῖσθαι,

Οὐδ', ὑγιῆς ὅταν ᾗ, φροντίδ' ἔχει καμάτου.

Νήπιοι, οἷς ταύτη κεῖται νόος, οὐδέ τ' ἴσασιν,

Ὡς χρόνος ἔσθ' ἥβης καὶ βίотου ὀλίγος

Θνητοῖς. Ἀλλὰ σὺν, ταῦτα μαθὼν, βίотου ποτὶ τέρμα

Ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλήθι χαριζόμενος.

SIMONIDES.

(TRANSLATION.)

CHANGE is man's lot and nought is steadfast here.

One thing the Chian said, most wise and true :

“ Man's race is as the race of leaves.” But few,
That truth receiving with attentive ear,
Lay it to heart ; for Hope to all is near.

She clings to youthful bosoms. While the hue
Of manhood's flower is fresh with youth's bright dew,
To man's light spirit all things light appear.

Thoughtless of Age and Death, it weaves, in vain,
Plans not to be completed. In the pride

Of health, none dream of sickness or of pain.
Fools ! who know not how speedily Youth's tide,
And Life's, must ebb. But thou, taught this, abstain
Not from Life's joys :—unmoved, Life's term abide.

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